

The Listener

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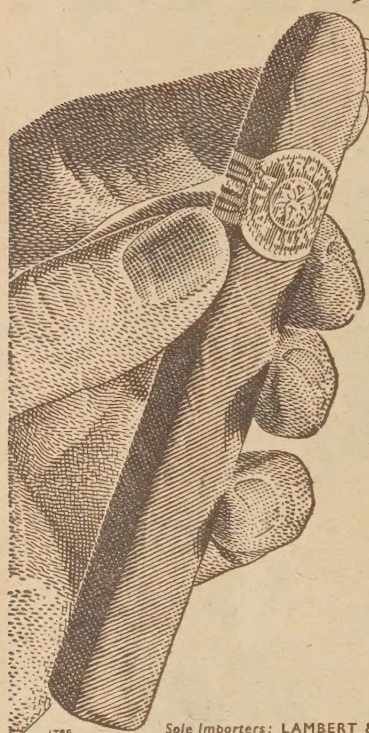


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Will the Americans Use Atomic Weapons?

By JULIAN BENTLEY

THE 1952 presidential campaign is, as we say, off and winging. Thus far we in the United States have four avowed candidates; two of them have actually been nominated by party convention. These latter two are minority parties, Prohibition and Greenbacker. Besides urging abolition of liquor, the Prohibition candidate is attacking corruption in government.

The Greenback Party says, in effect, that all our economic troubles would be ended if we would start up the printing press and turn out unlimited quantities of paper money. Obviously, neither of these candidates hopes to win, but two other aspirants obviously do. They are Senator Taft of Ohio and Governor Warren of California. Both will seek the Republican presidential nomination at the convention in Chicago next July. Governor Warren ran as the vice-presidential candidate with Governor Dewey in their unsuccessful effort against President Truman in 1948. Warren announced his candidacy only last week. Senator Taft, a severe critic of the Truman Administration's domestic and foreign policies, has long been on the hustings in quest of the Republican nomination.

It is noteworthy that besides touring the traditionally Republican North, Taft has also been making stump speeches in what we used to call the 'Solid South', solidly Democratic, that is! Apparently he hopes to make capital from the current division in Democratic ranks. This centres largely on the Truman civil rights programme, guaranteeing equality for Negroes. In 1948 a group of angry southern Democrats declaring that this was an invasion of States' rights, nominated a rival flight of candidates under the States' rights banners. They did not get very far, but they are still angry, and they may enter a flight of candidates in 1952.

The Republicans would be happy to encourage this Democratic dissension, and there is even talk of a so-called Coalition ticket with Republican Senator Taft running for President, and Democratic Senator Bird of the Southern State of Virginia as vice-presidential candidate. That has never been done, and it does not seem likely that it will occur next year.

But over and above all this is the Truman-Eisenhower question mark. It breaks down in this fashion: Will Mr. Truman seek re-election? He has said he will not announce his decision until early next year. Rumours are sixpence per dozen. One report is that if Senator Taft wins the Republican nomination, then a span of mules from Mr. Truman's native Missouri could not keep the President out of the race. Another rumour is that during General Eisenhower's recent visit to Washington, the President offered him his support if the General would seek the Democratic nomination. The White House rather heatedly denies the story, and Eisenhower's Paris headquarters said it was not so. But Americans were quick to observe that Eisenhower has never definitely and firmly closed the door on being drafted as the Presidential nominee.

However, this brings us still another part of the Truman-Eisenhower enigma. Is Eisenhower a Republican or a Democrat? It is somewhat difficult to say because traditionally our professional military men do not vote, and do not declare any political preference. Certain Democratic Senators have said they believe that Eisenhower could be drafted for their ticket; but a Republican group is already actively in the field beating the drums for Eisenhower. He has said he never authorised such goings-on, but he cannot prevent the blossoming out of campaign buttons with

the slogan: 'I like Ike'. Eisenhower enjoys great personal popularity, but there is a latent feeling in this country against Generals as Presidents.

The Western Newspapers Union, a concern which supplies feature materials to small town papers, recently queried 6,400 editors of weekly papers regarding their views on next year's election; but before I tell you how this poll resulted, let me report on the same poll in 1947. There, again, the country editors were questioned with the national election a full year away. In that poll, the editors predicted that Truman would be nominated by the Democrats and electors, and that Governor Dewey would be defeated. However, the editors reported that their own overwhelming preference for the Presidency was Republican Harold Stassen. How about the latest poll? More than 6,400 weekly editors were queried, and nearly 2,200 replied. They predicted that Truman would be re-nominated by the Democrats, and they said he will be re-elected. And that Senator Taft of Ohio will be the unsuccessful Republican nominee. But as for their personal preference, the editors voted strongly for General Eisenhower. It will be interesting, to say the least, to see how the editors' forecast turns out this time.

The Statement on Atrocities

The announcement that several thousand Allied prisoners-of-war, most of them Americans, have been murdered by the communist forces in Korea, has shocked and outraged the country. The story first came from an American Colonel in the War Crimes Section of the United Nations Command in Korea. His announcement surprised Washington and the Tokyo Headquarters of the Supreme Allied Commander, General Matthew Ridgway; but the General confirmed that Allied prisoners have been massacred. He gave no figures. He said it was regrettable that the atrocities evidence had not been 'co-ordinated' before it was made public. The colonel who released the story said he did so because he felt that United Nations soldiers in Korea should fully understand the nature of the enemy they fight.

The timing of the announcement, wittingly or otherwise, could have a most profound effect, for it came in the midst of a series of tests of atomic weapons in the desert of the western state of Nevada. Enough has been officially made public regarding these experiments to tell us that something smaller and more tactical than the atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was being tested. Troops were involved moving into the explosion area shortly after the blast, and the effect on both American- and Russian-built military equipment was tested. Some believe that artillery shells with atomic warheads were involved, but the Chairman of our Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Bradley, did not tend to confirm that theory. He said the aeroplane is still the best method for carrying atomic attacks against an enemy, and that led to the belief that small atom bombs were being dropped in the Nevada testing grounds.

In any case, the news of the huge-scale Korean atrocities brought renewed demands for more vigorous action, namely the bombing of enemy bases in Manchuria, just north of the Korean border, and the use of atomic weapons against communist troops. These would obviously be actions of the most serious nature. Opponents of the idea warn that it might spread the fighting to all of China; it might bring air attack on Japan; it might invite atomic attack on American cities. In reply, those who favour it maintain that the way things have been going, the fighting in Korea may drag on indefinitely, with more and more human life and material being drawn into the vortex. That points up the awesome nature of such a decision, and it brings to mind the forthcoming visit to Washington of Mr. Churchill. It is generally accepted here that Mr. Churchill will talk with Mr. Truman about further economic aid to Britain, and it is generally believed that such aid in some form or another will be forthcoming, but surely other matters will arise when the two leaders sit down at Blair House in Washington in January. It seems entirely possible that Mr. Truman may say: 'Mr. Churchill, how do you feel about using atomic weapons in Korea?'

Recent stories from London about the argument over a proposal for building blocks of flats near Hampstead Heath find an echo in the housing situation in this country. New figures from the Census Bureau underline the fact that Chicago, to choose one of many examples, is suffering from what has been called 'the modern sickness of cities'. People in large numbers are moving out. The figures show that between 1940 and 1950, the suburban areas around Chicago gained nearly half a million population; and two years ago a survey showed that sixty-two per cent. of the suburban families formerly lived in Chicago. Industry is also moving out: that sort of pattern seems to be developing in a

number of our large cities. Medium-sized and light industry is moving to the periphery of the city, and the industrial congestion in central areas is breaking up. Between 1946 and 1951, 252 Chicago plants removed to the suburbs. But there is another horn of this dilemma. Robert Merriam, a Chicago Alderman, raises this question: 'Are the suburbs the most wonderful place to live after all?' He says a recent survey of forty-six Chicago suburbs showed that thirty-three of them lacked proper school classroom space, so that half-day school shifts were in order. Twenty-nine per cent. of the suburbs did not have an adequate water supply. Other studies showed that eighty-nine out of 147 communities around Chicago had below-standard fire protection, and residents were paying up to 300 per cent. higher fire insurance rates than do Chicago ones.

Merriam says many people move into suburbs to escape high city taxes. The suburbs, for the most part, must derive their tax revenue from non-industrial sources, which means the heaviest burden falls on residential property. In addition, suburbanites around Chicago and other large cities usually have to pay more for water than city dwellers, more for telephones, electricity, gas, and so on. To win the competition for population, Merriam proposes a five-point plan for cities. It calls for a block-by-block rejuvenation of blighted neighbourhoods. The trouble is, it would take \$5,000,000 just to get it under way.

On one occasion in London, this reporter considered obtaining passage on a small freighter with a few passenger accommodations for the trip home. Had I done this, I could have disembarked in the heart of downtown Chicago, hailed a taxicab, and been set down at my own front doorstep within five minutes, for it is possible to sail from the London docks directly to Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Toronto or any of the other big inland ports of the Great Lakes. This would require a voyage of some 4,000 miles, and it might take five or six weeks, across the Atlantic, up the St. Lawrence River, and through Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan.

These remarks are by way of prelude to a recast story from Washington that is really scarcely news any longer, namely, that Congress adjourned again without taking action on the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project. This has been going on for twenty years. Here in Chicago it is common to see Dutch, Swedish and Norwegian freighters tied up at docks in the Chicago River in downtown Chicago. The catch is that they cannot be very large ships, and their draught must not be too deep. Otherwise, they cannot negotiate the St. Lawrence. The Great Lake port cities are all in favour of the project. The Great Lakes, these huge inland seas, carry a tremendous tonnage in grain, iron ore, coal, limestone, and a host of other commodities. They proved a tremendous factor in victory in the second world war, bringing the iron ore from the Great Mesabi Range of Wisconsin and Minnesota down to the steel mills of Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania and New York; and no canal, not even Suez or Panama, passes a greater tonnage in a year than do the huge locks at the eastern end of Lake Superior between the two St. Marias in Ontario and in Michigan. Why not, then, say the proponents of the St. Lawrence Seaway, extend this traffic to all the oceans of the world? And they point out that the project would develop more cheap hydro-electric power than ever before. However, powerful interests have always opposed the project, and thus far successfully. Certainly the eastern port cities do not look with favour upon it. Neither do railroads, which haul freight westward from these parts.

Rousing the Old St. Lawrence

A major group supporting the project recently published some doggerel about the St. Lawrence to the tune of 'Old Man River'. Part of it went like this:

Old St. Lawrence,
He don't do nuthin', he don't haul freighters.
He don't like cities—
He just keeps rolling along.

Our Canadian neighbours apparently have given up hope of United States participation in the project, for Congress again pigeon-holed the plan and went home. It is estimated it would cost \$300,000,000 to deepen the St. Lawrence Channel, and open the Great Lakes to ocean shipping. The Canadian Transport Minister announces that a Bill will be introduced in the Canadian Parliament this week empowering the Government to begin the project. So, as of right now, it appears that if Old St. Lawrence is to be roused from just 'doing nothing' it will be the Canadians who do the rousing.—Home Service

The Problem of German Unity

By VERNON BARTLETT

NEARLY all the gossip in the lobbies of the United Nations, in the Palais de Chaillot, is about the growing bitterness between east and west Germany. Nobody doubts that, if the German problem could be solved, most of the dark clouds hanging over the United Nations would disappear. Officially, this German problem comes before the Assembly in only a rather indirect way—a decision has been taken, against the vote of Russia, to put on its agenda the Anglo-French-American request for a United Nations commission to find out, in both parts of Germany, whether the conditions would make possible those free, all-German elections which Herr Grotewohl, Prime Minister in the Russian zone, had proposed to Dr. Adenauer, Prime Minister in the west.

Herr Grotewohl seeks to persuade his compatriots that the Western Powers want to divide Germany for all time; Dr. Adenauer seeks to

One has to make allowances for the fact that most of the Russian sector was always a poor part of Berlin, and much less has been done here than in the other sectors to clear away the rubble. But these facts are not an adequate explanation why the place is so drab and depressing. The people do not walk along as though they had a purpose in life; they shuffle. The few goods displayed in the shop windows are appallingly shoddy, and that applies even to the *Handelsorganisation*, the great department stores with which the state is putting the small private dealer out of business. And I never saw more cheerless queues than those waiting to buy potatoes that had been emptied out of lorries on to the pavements.

One might expect that this contrast would make the Germans in the western zones determined to do anything to avoid the unhappy lot of their compatriots. But I wonder. My mind goes back to an evening in the Saar nearly seventeen years ago when I watched League of Nations officials counting the votes of the Saarlanders to decide the future of their territory. From every material point of view it was clear that they would be foolish to vote for return to Germany. Some of the British and French officials forecast that fewer than half of them would vote for this reunion; in fact, more than ninety per cent. of them did so. And my own belief is that, in our present discussions about Germany, there is a serious tendency to underestimate this call of the blood. Much as the western Germans want to be accepted as equal partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, much as they want to avoid the fate of their compatriots in the Russian zone, they may want still more to achieve the unity of Germany again.

That possibility, or that probability, explains the interest and anxiety aroused by Herr Grotewohl's proposal for all-German elections. In the opinion of one of the shrewdest politicians in Germany, Herr Reuter, the Lord Mayor of Berlin, such elections would give the communists even fewer votes in the Russian zone than in the western zones. That being so, some people in the west were at first inclined to reject the proposal as nothing more than obvious propaganda. But second, and wiser, thoughts prevailed. If indeed the proposal is only a piece of bluff it seemed advisable to call the bluff, for Germany is vitally important in this



Western Berlin: open-air café in the Kurfürstendamm

persuade them that the only hope for a strong, united, and free Germany is in the closest possible association with the other free countries of the western world. Grotewohl can have his all-German elections, but only if a United Nations commission can be convinced that they would be absolutely free. Hence the decision to discuss the matter in Paris. And the Germans on both sides are increasingly impatient, for they know that national unity becomes more difficult month by month.

Just outside the Brandenburger Tor in Berlin, the immense Marble Arch affair at the end of the Unter den Linden, there is a large notice on which are painted these words: 'You are now entering the democratic sector of Berlin'. The meaning of this rather puzzling notice is that you are entering the Soviet sector and leaving the British one. It also means that you are going from one world, one way of life, one civilisation, to another.

The recovery of western Germany—even of western Berlin—is fantastic. The shops along the Kurfürstendamm, in the British sector, are probably as smart as any in Paris, New York, or London, and after the first day one does not notice that the upper floors of most houses are ruined. It is true that very few people can afford to buy these luxury goods, and that two persons out of three are in receipt of public assistance, but everybody knows that this is mainly because the city is at the end of a very narrow corridor that runs for more than 100 miles through the Soviet zone. Anyhow the people in these western sectors are energetic, lively, and confident, and the contrast between them and their fellow-citizens in the Russian sector is unforgettable.



On the boundary of the eastern sector: young communists watching their fellow-countrymen across the 'border'

struggle between east and west, and the side which appears to the Germans to be hostile to their unity will lose Germany. Hence Dr. Adenauer's request to the United Nations. There is also the possibility that it is not bluff at all, but that Herr Grotewohl and his colleagues have been ordered to commit political suicide for the good of the communist cause. It would not by any means be the first time that a non-Russian Communist Party had been sacrificed in the interests of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

And yet why should the Russians, or their German puppets, take the initiative in proposing elections in which they would be so soundly defeated? Probably because this seems to them the best way of preventing the rearmament of western Germany. They would almost certainly make great sacrifices to prevent that rearmament, for they cannot forget how nearly they were defeated by the Germans even when they—the Russians—had American and British materials and men to help them. How much more they might suffer at the hands of the Germans if a war were to come in which those Germans had almost unlimited American supplies. Quite clearly, a united Germany would again become immensely powerful. It is therefore vitally important to know whether that Germany would be likely to turn to west or to east. Dr. Adenauer will naturally press as hard as he can for complete and immediate equality with the other Western Powers, and he can argue that, given that equality, the attraction of western Germany would become so great that in the long run the Russians would not be able to hold back the eastern Germans.

But it is not quite so simple as that. I have recently been lecturing in most of the large cities in the western zones, from Hamburg in the north to Munich in the south, and I was immensely impressed by the attraction which the idea of European Union has for the younger Germans. But they do not all realise that, having started a devastating war, Germany cannot expect her neighbours to forget about it as soon as she has lost it. The French, and to some extent ourselves, find it difficult to have confidence in people against whose attacks we were fighting for our lives so short a time ago. Therefore discussions will probably end by leaving the French still anxious and the Germans still unsatisfied.

There is another and more disquieting difficulty about the price the Western Powers are paying for German support. No German today wants to fight—which does not surprise anybody who has seen how their cities were flattened out in the last war. Until recently all our arguments had sought to accentuate this desire. And then, all of a sudden, those arguments had to switch to precisely the opposite line—the German is now told that, if he wants to be a good democrat, he must get back into uniform. And however necessary the attitude of Russia has made this switch, the effect of it is deplorable. The hope of a peaceful Germany must depend upon the younger generation, and, as one member of it said to me, 'words have so lost their meaning that there don't seem to be any still worth fighting for'.

The Germans would, I think, be willing to fight if they were genuinely on a footing of equality with the Western Powers in a western-European

army; the best of them may not be willing to do so if they believe that they are looked upon by these Western Powers mainly as a valuable source of cannon fodder. On the other hand, I have met a depressing number of Germans whose attitude towards Hitler is less one of shame than one of contempt: in their eyes his crime was not so much that he brought more misery to the world than any other individual in history as that he lost the war. And Germans of that kind very naturally look upon rearmament with some favour, since it will help to make Germany strong again. The Western Powers need to be extremely careful not to pay so high a price for German military support that they will discourage those relatively few Germans who are their natural allies in that they have the same respect for the rights of the individual.

On the other hand, this western bid for German support, this determination to risk the rearmament of Germany under certain conditions and controls, is driving the Russians to pay a very high price to check it—a price that might even include their own withdrawal from the eastern zone of Germany. That is not so improbable as it sounds at first hearing, for the geographical position of Berlin, 100 miles or so inside their zone, may be as great a nuisance to them as it is to us. This contrast between west and east Berlin, for example, plays havoc with their propaganda about conditions in the capitalist countries. In order to lessen that contrast they have introduced conditions in their sector of Berlin which are better than in the rest of their zone of Germany, and in their zone of Germany which are better than in the other communist states of eastern Europe. That cannot be very pleasing to the Poles, Czechs, and others who suffered such hardships under the German occupation during the war. Also, people from these so-called satellite states can keep more easily in contact with the western world in Berlin than anywhere else.

From the Soviet standpoint, a still more important argument in favour of withdrawal from eastern Germany is that it might lead to an American withdrawal from Europe. That might not take place for some time, but any lowering of the international temperature might be followed by a strong demand in the United States for the American boys to be brought home. And the Russians may reckon that, with the Americans out of the way, they could soon gain control of a country in which the roots of democracy are so shallow and whose natural markets are so largely in eastern Europe. A combination of German efficiency and Russian fanaticism would be extremely unpleasant for the western world.

In these circumstances it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the decisions the western statesmen must reach within the next few weeks. They have to make an agreement with the western Germans which will enable them to retain forces in Germany as allies, and not as troops of occupation. They have to show themselves at least as anxious as the Russians to see German unity. They have, above all, to distinguish between Russian attempts to divide them by specious offers of peace and that genuine Russian abandonment of warlike aims and methods which may not be very far away.—*Home Service*

Organising Hitler's Ex-Soldiers

By TERENCE PRITTIE

TWO months ago I paid a visit to the little town of Iserlohn, on the eastern outskirts of the Ruhr. I wanted to learn something of the actualities of the new movement towards organisation, which has begun among German ex-soldiers. The occasion was the main rally of former members of Marshal Rommel's 'Afrika Korps'. The Afrika Korps founded its own ex-servicemen's organisation in July of this year and made its headquarters in a humble house in this town. Their meeting on September 16 was the first attempt to get former members together and explain to them what the purposes of the association were. It is probable that the occasion was more significant than these simple purposes suggest.

Ex-officers and men began to collect in the town on the evening of September 15, when they drank beer together, gossiped, and discussed the plans for the next day. On the Sunday they joined in an open-air service in the local cemetery and hundreds of men heard one of their former field-chaplains remind them of their comradeship,

of their faith in their dead leader Rommel, and of the paramount need to justify the sacrifice made by their fallen comrades. They laid their wreaths on the small memorial erected to the dead of the Afrika Korps and filed quietly away.

This mood of thoughtful remembrance was maintained all day. During the rest of the morning the 3,000 who had come from the farthest corners of Germany, Austria, and the Soviet Zone, listened to the head of their association, ex-General Cruewell, tell them of the work that lay ahead of them and the problems that they must resolve. Cruewell, a tight-lipped, metallic-voiced officer of the old Prussian school, said that their hearts were with the west in the present 'cold war', that their loyalties lay with the present democratic government in Bonn, that their readiness to serve their country should be as aware and as lively as in days gone by. He was under no doubts about the advisability of Germany contributing to western defence. But 'We do not like to see our former commanders serving prison sentences as

criminals', he said, 'and if Germans are to fight for the European cause we must have an equal share in arms, in organisation, and in the Higher Command'.

At the end of his talk officers and men stood and sang the third verse of the old German national anthem, now once more in general use. Outside, afterwards, Cruewell, talked to all and sundry, moved his men into the dining hall where they sat down in their old units. This was not a confused symbolic gesture. The Afrika Korps association wanted to get them together in order to exchange information which could help trace the dead and missing and resolve the doubts of people who had heard nothing of relatives for eight long years.

Comradeship and a Spirit of Enquiry

I went to the Iserlohn meeting expecting to find much of the old German Army arrogance and of the new seething resentment over the treatment of ex-soldiers since the war. I found instead something of the old, best kind of comradeship and a spirit of enquiry which was new in German soldiers. The Afrika Korps is one of many such associations which have been springing up in western Germany during the past few months. What are the objects of these 'old comrades' groups? I have asked this question of a number of German ex-generals and have been struck by the readiness and consistency of their answers. Let them, then, have a spokesman, ex-General Von Manteuffel—once a leading tank expert and now a solid business man dealing in steel nuts and bolts, dapper, alert, and, oddly enough, humorous. Von Manteuffel told me that the ex-servicemen had to organise for four main reasons. The first was their material needs. After the end of the war the German Army—as against the Nazi Party—was treated as the minor villain in the war-time tableau. Officers were debarred from entering universities or from taking jobs in public life. War-widows subsisted on the poor-rates. The Germans have an uncomfortable habit of rounding on one another, and their own Army made an obvious cockshy. No Land government protected the interests of the wives and children of the fallen until prodded into action by the Allied Military Governments.

To remedy this state of affairs two ex-servicemen's welfare societies were formed rather over a year ago. The one in Bonn quickly enrolled over 50,000 members. The other, in Munich, was smaller in size and scope. These two bodies—the Soldiers League and the Soldiers Protection Society—tried twice to coalesce. One of the reasons why these attempts failed was that the smaller body, under ex-general Krakau, accorded full equality to former members of the Waffen S.S. Ex-Admiral Hansen's Bonn association jibbed at this. Both bodies, meanwhile, did honest and valuable work on behalf of the ex-servicemen. They brought pressure to bear on the Federal and Land governments to provide proper pensions for war-wounded and the dependents of the fallen. They are still fighting the present Federal draft law which gives pensions at the age of sixty-five, instead of the pre-war fifty, and 'downgrades' the dead by two ranks. Under its terms, Rommel's widow will draw only the pension of a colonel's wife. The welfare societies co-operated with the Red Cross in order to help the returned prisoners-of-war; they raised funds on their own for deserving cases.

There was another side to their work: they began the task of breaking down the post-war prejudices against the former armed forces. These prejudices had shown themselves in persistent press vilification of the ex-serviceman, in sychophantic speeches by politicians who thought they were pleasing the occupying powers, in discrimination in industrial and public employment against the man who fought in the war. 'They gave him a gun', the present-day German leaders seemed to say, 'Well, we won't give him anything at all'.

There was a different aspect of this so-called 'defamation' of the German ex-soldier. Among the imprisoned war-criminals were members of the armed forces as well as the thugs and sadists of the Nazi hierarchy. I have talked to some ex-generals and men about this problem, and this is their attitude. 'The soldier acted under orders and could not disobey them without breaking his "oath to the flag"—a potent phrase in Germany. The best he could do was to execute them with the maximum restraint and humanity. So when General Von Falkenhausen was ordered to procure and shoot hostages in Belgium, he chose mainly people who had already committed serious civil crimes, executed as few as possible'. I was told that the same should have been true of Field-Marshal Kesselring in Italy. He gave similar instructions, and only the intervention of the Security Service prevented their implementation. The men imprisoned in Werl and Landsberg today are regarded as martyrs in Germany, and the least that an ex-soldier will ask is that their cases should be reviewed by a 'neutral' court. They

believe that the prisoners are innocent. So do the prisoners themselves. I have talked with Manstein, Kesselring, Mackensen, and Falkenhörst: all agree that there will be little enthusiasm for a German defence contribution as long as they are behind bars.

Today the reorganisation of the ex-servicemen has entered its third and vital stage. Welfare societies and old comrades associations have been gathered under a single 'roof organisation'—the League of German Soldiers. The League has formed lodges all over western Germany, 1,600 of them. It has started compiling membership-rolls. In January the League is holding a nation-wide congress, which will elect its head and its executive council. Then a programme of its aims will be published to supplement what has already been said in this respect. So far, aims have been grouped under three main headings—the protection of the material interests of the ex-servicemen, the provision of general guidance in order to support the Bonn government and combat political radicalism, and the so-called 'psychological' preparation of men with military experience and proven valour for service under a European banner in the interests of freedom and peace. The League intends to steer clear of all party politics, and it wants German political and military equality within the European framework. Needless to say, it 'demands' the release of the military war-criminals.

So much for the actual, the positive, side of this ex-soldiers' movement. Unfortunately there have been indications that the League may, after all, become the tool of ambitious and dangerous men. The first reason is the personality of its acting head, ex-General Friessner, a man of honest motives but paralysing political stupidity. Recently, Friessner told press correspondents that the Germans went to war in 1939 in order to preserve Europe from the 'Bolshevik flood'. The fact that in 1939 Ribbentrop was negotiating his pact with Molotov had apparently never occurred to him. Friessner said that the cause of the actual outbreak of war was the brutal treatment of German nationals in Poland. He then inveighed bitterly against Hitler's unwilling war-time allies, Hungary and Rumania, and called the 1944 German Resistance to Hitler 'an attempt to murder the Supreme Commander behind the front line'. And Friessner, after all, is the man who is to provide political guidance today for the German ex-soldier.

Soon enough Friessner was attacked by the trade unions, by the Christian and Free Democrat parties, and even by some of his comrades. Ex-General Koller, for instance, demanded his resignation. The trade unions recalled the history of the ex-officers after 1919, when they first flouted democratic government, then undermined it. The German press was alarmed. 'I am not a confirmed pacifist', wrote one correspondent to the *Neue Zeitung*, 'I have done my duty in the past. But if I am going to be rapped on the shoulder by "my own general" I should like him to know in advance that I am nobody's "Old Soldier"'. Even the German government reacted to the dangers of an ex-generals' 'club' whose members claimed to give political guidance but were in fact political morons.

Friessner has not resigned, and the reason whispered abroad was that, had he done so, men of lesser probity and greater ambition would have taken his place. There is, for instance, ex-General Ramcke, who has made a series of wild political speeches and who has just had a piece of military music, the 'Ramcke March', written in his honour. There is the arrogant ex-General Guderian, whose recent book entitled *This Won't Do* is a suitable but sinister political testament. There is ex-General Gumbel who refers to the men of the German Resistance to Hitler as 'scum'. There are the firebrands of the reformed 'Stahlhelm' which claims a membership today of 130,000. In the farther background is a man such as air-ace Major Rudel, who lately wrote to a Düsseldorf paper in praise of the swastika, and the openly Nazi societies which last week commemorated the 1923 Nuremberg March.

A League to Watch

Perhaps Friessner did well not to resign. His followers have had time to pause and reflect. The League can still be a positive factor in the development of German democracy. It can help to give the ex-serviceman a civic conscience. It can prepare him to serve the cause of the free west morally as well as physically. It can make that great age-group from twenty-five to fifty—the so-called front-line generation—a factor for peace. Much will depend on the next steps. In any event, the League must be watched. In it are men of dynamic personality and ruthless efficiency, who might either try to lead an armed western crusade against communism or who might turn once again towards an alliance with Russia out of sheer political blockheadedness.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Listener

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The Science of Man

‘THERE is as yet no single science of man, in the sense of an organised branch of enquiry with a common body of postulates and ideas. The human sciences today are somewhat in the position occupied by the biological sciences in the early eighteen-hundreds; they are rapidly exploring different sectors of the field, but still looking for a central core of general principles’. These words, taken from the last of Dr. Julian Huxley’s broadcast lectures on ‘The Process of Evolution’—the lecture that appears in our columns this week—are pregnantly apt to the human situation. In his recently published Inaugural Lecture on ‘The Origin of Language’* Professor R. J. Pumphrey makes some reflections that bear on the same point. After discussing the fresh evidence that has come to light in relation to his subject, he concludes by suggesting that a beginning of a change in the trend of science is discernible—a trend away from the ‘Ivory Tower attitude’ of the scientist who sets man outside and in opposition to Nature, towards the conception of science as preoccupied with assessing man’s place in a universe of which he is part.

In support of this change Professor Pumphrey cites two ‘straws in the wind’. One is to be found in the Reith Lectures of 1950 which stressed the intimate relation between language and behaviour on the one hand, and between language and the epistemology of science on the other. The second straw is the purpose to which the trustees of the Ford foundation have devoted their funds, ‘not to making a bigger telescope or a bigger cyclotron, or a rocket for Mars . . . but simply to the study of the Behaviour of Man’. The danger, Professor Pumphrey points out, is not that man’s inventions are in themselves difficult to control: it is rather that man will not be able to control them because he is ignorant of the springs of his own actions and mistakes this ignorance for wisdom. Hence the need for clearing the wilderness of ignorance and of erecting on the foundations of science a structure of permanent value, so that ‘with the appreciation of the truth that the proper study of mankind is man, there will be an end of the rather silly departmentalism which at present afflicts not only scientists, and a concentration of all branches of learning on an objective which will make a university worthy of its name instead of an association of unmitigated faculties as every university now is’.

There is of course nothing new in the notion that man’s proper duty is to know himself. In ages of faith one of the chief things man knew, or thought he knew, about himself was that he believed in God and in that faith he knew the way to regulate his life, even though he might not always be capable of following it. But in ages like ours, when belief in God is by no means universal and faith is dissipated, the task of regulating one’s life has often to be undertaken not only without the help of any creed or dogma but without reference even to any generally accepted body of knowledge which may form the basis of education and possibly shed a little light on the way life might be lived. One result is that universities find it hard to counter the charge often levelled at them of providing, especially in their faculties of science, little more than a technical education. But if all branches of learning, including science, are encouraged to contribute to what Dr. Huxley calls ‘a central core of general principles’ relating to ‘the science of man’ and to the reasons why he behaves as he does, the result may be both surprising and beneficent.

* Liverpool University Press, 2s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Eden and the U.N.

THE DISCUSSIONS IN THE UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY of the western disarmament proposals and Mr. Vyshinsky’s counter-proposals were the main subject of international commentaries last week. Mr. Eden’s speech, in particular, came in for a great deal of attention. The great majority of western commentators praised the speech. The Catholic Conservative *Le Figaro* commented:

Mr. Eden replied firmly to the attacks of his Soviet colleague; he warmly defended the Atlantic Pact and the three-power proposal for the reduction of armaments; but at the same time he was careful not to make himself merely the echo of his American colleague. . . . The Assembly was deeply impressed by his objective language, and by the fact that he decided to reinforce the recent appeal to ‘distinguished men’ which President Auriol launched from the same rostrum. Let us hope that the rulers of the Soviet Union will hear and understand these words of moderation, which illustrate Britain’s will for peace and her anxiety to use all the diplomatic machinery which has come into being in the past three years to consolidate western defence.

From Italy, the independent *Corriere della Sera* was quoted as saying:

Although it is still impossible to say what will be the Soviet attitude to yesterday’s speech, it has already had the effect of a slight *détente*. It is obvious that Eden has sought to create the right atmosphere and conditions for a meeting with Stalin.

The world did not have long to wait to ascertain what would be the Soviet reaction. In a report from its correspondent in Paris, a Tass transmission declared that Mr. Eden had disillusioned those who, believing the ‘advertisements’ in the western press to the effect that he would act as a mediator between east and west, had expected some positive comment on the Soviet peace proposals. The broadcast went on:

Eden’s speech showed that Britain, in all the problems concerning the peaceful settlement of urgent political issues, blindly follows the policy of the United States, a policy which has nothing in common with a genuine striving for a peaceful settlement based on law and justice.

Meanwhile, Moscow radio, and the satellite radios, gave enormous publicity to Mr. Vyshinsky’s disarmament proposals. Soviet home listeners were told that ‘the reactionary press in the pay of the United States moneybags’ had reacted to his words with a ‘howling like that of wild beasts’, because the warmongers were enraged to see ‘the crazy and farcical structure which they had erroneously labelled Truman’s disarmament plan’ demolished by the Soviet Foreign Minister ‘with acid satire’. Another Moscow home broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, praised the Soviet proposals as showing that Soviet foreign policy was ‘unshakably peaceful’, but adding that ‘if the imperialist beasts of prey’ should venture upon aggression, they would encounter ‘failure even more contemptible’ than that which had been meted out to previous aggressors against the U.S.S.R. Polish listeners were informed by Moscow radio that the only reason which could be adduced for the refusal by the Western Powers to consider Mr. Vyshinsky’s proposals was that ‘the makers of the U.S. foreign policy and their stooges are afraid of peace’. Home and foreign listeners heard quotations from an article by Ilya Ehrenburg in *Pravda* attacking the American magazine *Collier’s* for publishing an article which Ehrenburg described as designed to show that a third world war was not only inevitable, but also ‘good business’ and ‘a jolly good show’. The broadcast added that it was no use for the ‘Washington beasts of prey to hide in their briefcases the issues of *Collier’s* and produce instead speeches in which war plans are disguised by tirades about the merits of peace’.

Madrid radio bitterly attacked Mr. Eden’s speech as not answering Mr. Vyshinsky with sufficient firmness:

Mr. Eden’s long-awaited speech will figure in the archives of the U.N. as one of the most insipid, colourless, and vulgar pieces of oratory it is possible to imagine.

From America, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying that Mr. Eden had ‘leaned over backwards’ in an effort to be conciliatory to the Russians. Referring to the passage about reason and moderation, it added:

At this point there came a roar of applause from the small and medium countries which, in the first depressing week of this 1951 Assembly, have watched the bristling giants apparently getting tougher and tougher in their attitude toward each other. Whether Mr. Eden’s appeal can possibly have any effect may be answered within a few days.

Did You Hear That?

BRITAIN'S FOREIGN MINERS

'SINCE 1931 and for the first time in 100 years Britain, in terms of people if not of cash, has become a creditor nation', said SAM POLLOCK in a Home Service broadcast. 'We have gained more people by immigration from Europe and elsewhere than we have lost by emigration—a net gain, in fact, of 500,000. One of the most important groups of these immigrants is that which has come from Europe to work in those vital industries which have been hardest hit by our own labour shortage—especially in cotton and coal mining. I was at Doncaster to see the arrival of the latest draft of Italians—there were forty-six of them—who have come here to work in the mines. They were going to the English Language Training Centre run by the National Coal Board at Maltby, where they will have a ten weeks' course in Basic English, before being trained in actual minework. Language—communication—is more important in coal mining than in most industries, and it seemed to me that there was a special reason why these Italians needed a course in English.

'The trainees get the full surface-worker's wage of £5 10s. 0d. a week—the minimum wage, that is—from the very first day they join, when, admittedly, they also qualify for another inalienable right of the free-born Briton, such as the right to pay Income Tax. In the hostel the trainees sleep in comfortable dormitories and eat in a pleasant canteen: Italian dishes, if they want them, though many of them settle for Irish stew or even Vienna steak. In the evening, they have the use of a billiards room and a well-furnished lounge, where they can read, or listen to the wireless, or play darts.

'In working hours they attend classes in Basic English and mining terms taught with text-book and film and film-strip. They also do forty minutes P.T. every day.

'The centre at Maltby—if we can use the term of a factory—is the beginning of an assembly line, and I saw some of its end-products a day or two later in the mining valleys of South Wales. Close on 1,700 men, recruited from a dozen European countries, are now at work in the Welsh coal-fields as workmates, or "butties", to Dai, and Yanto, and Idris. The majority of them are living alongside their Welsh workmates in the towns and villages of the valleys.

'The Italians are the smallest contingent of these foreign workers and the latest to be recruited. Before them came the European Volunteer Workers recruited mainly from the host of displaced persons whom the end of the war found homeless and jobless in Germany. The Poles are the veterans of the foreign mine workers, and seem to enjoy a very high reputation indeed as workers. The Yugoslavs have something of the same reputation as the Poles among our own miners both for work and for "style". But, indeed, with some exceptions all the foreign workers are qualifying for the praise given them by a Union Official I talked to: "With a bit more experience", he said, "they'll be as good as our own lads—and that's really the highest praise I could give anyone".

'I do not want to paint too bright a picture in this matter of the foreign workers in our coal mines. You will have seen in the press yourselves that in some pits there has been

opposition to their employment. There is a very understandable reason for this opposition: the fact that to many of our people—not only to miners—the importation of foreign labour is an old and tried method of keeping down or reducing the standards of the native worker; and the surprising thing is not that there has been opposition but that in so many pits these foreigners have been accepted not merely without complaint but with gladness. Even then, the Coal Board and the mine managers have to walk very delicately in their treatment of the foreigners. For all that, I noticed that in several of the gangs in one big colliery the principal, as he is called, is a foreigner, with Welshmen working under him: so that it does not look as if jealousy of the outsider is a bar to his promotion, when his British mates are convinced he is the right man'.

THE MYSTERY OF DR. JOHNSON'S BROTHER

'How many of you can honestly say that you knew that Dr. Johnson had a brother?' asked Professor J. L. CLIFFORD in 'Midlands Miscellany'. 'The basic facts can quickly be told. Nathaniel was born in October, 1712, and thus was three years younger than Samuel. From the start there appears to have been jealousy between the two brothers. Johnson later confessed to Mrs. Thrale that they had vied with each other for their mother's fondness. Yet in Johnson's later detailed account of his life up to his eleventh year, saved from the flames by his black servant, Frank, there is scarcely a mention of his brother, except for a casual reference to a trip with him to Birmingham in 1719.

'Where did Nathaniel go to school? What were his interests? Was he apprenticed to any trade? We simply do not know. The silence continues until 1734 when, after the death of his father, Nathaniel was evidently helping his mother with the bookshop in Lichfield—at least, his name appears on the proposals which Samuel issued that year for an edition of *Politian*.

'Sometime later he was running a branch bookshop for his mother in Burton. Then, probably in September, 1736, when he was almost twenty-four, there comes the one bit of light in the darkness—a letter written by Nathaniel to his mother. Happily this is now at the Birthplace Museum in Lichfield. Yet the letter poses even more problems than it settles. It is undated, but postmarked September 30. It appears from the letter that Nathaniel has been detected in some dishonest practices, has been forgiven by his mother, though his elder brother

would scarce even use him "with common civility".

He gives his mother details concerned with settling up the accounts at Burton, and then tells her he is planning in a fortnight to emigrate to the new colony of Georgia. In despair he confesses that he does not "much care in what way of life I shall hereafter live, but this I know, it shall be an honest one and that it can't be more unpleasant than some part of my life past".

'Rapidly we now move to the tragic climax. A famous date in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is Wednesday, March 2, 1737—the day that Johnson and David Garrick left Lichfield for London to seek their fortunes. Remember, this was on Wednesday. On Saturday of that same week, March 5, Nathaniel was buried in St. Michael's Church, Lichfield.



Italians learning British mining terms at the N.C.B.'s centre at Maltby, Yorkshire

'If Nathaniel was buried on Saturday, it is likely that his death may have occurred as early as Thursday, the very day after his brother's departure for London. But if Nathaniel was ill and dying in Lichfield, would Samuel callously have gone off and left him? Certainly, Nathaniel's death must have been very sudden. Indeed, some scholars have even gone so far as to suggest that in despair he took his own life. But the fact that he was buried in a church would appear to rule that out. Moreover, in the perfunctory epitaph written by Samuel, long afterwards, Nathaniel's death is referred to as "pious".

'One suggestion has been made that he died in an epidemic. But the list of burials at St. Michael's Church for that period shows that early 1737 was a particularly healthy time in Lichfield. What then, could have caused his sudden death? That is the mystery.

'In any event, imagine the shock to Samuel Johnson when the first news that he received on his arrival in London was of the death of his only brother—a brother with whom he had recently been quarrelling. For a man with Johnson's well-developed conscience it must have been a searing experience. And it must have set up in Johnson a guilt complex which was to haunt him always. Undoubtedly, this was the reason that for the rest of his life he scarcely ever mentioned his brother's name.

'There is one other fascinating piece of evidence to fit into the jigsaw puzzle. Late in life, in 1780, when Johnson must have felt that life was closing in about him, he wrote two letters to Frome in Somerset, asking for information about "one Johnson", who was his "near relative", who had settled in Frome in 1736, where he was a bookbinder and stationer, only to leave in 1737. Johnson described him as "a lively, noisy man that loved company". He added, "his memory might probably continue for some time in some favourite ale-house". Surely this must have been Nathaniel. All the facts fit perfectly. Yet why had Nathaniel gone to Frome instead of to Georgia? What had led him to Somerset? And what led him to leave there in 1737 to go home to die?'

WHERE DO LADYBIRDS GO IN WINTERTIME?

'Nearly all ladybirds in this country pass the winter as adult beetles in a state of sleep that we call hibernation,' said Dr. C. B. WILLIAMS in a Home Service talk. 'They are usually hidden away in dark, sheltered corners, and swarms of hundreds or even thousands may be huddled together under stones, bark, or boards, sometimes one on top of another in masses many layers deep.

'These masses are fairly common, but it is seldom possible to watch them for any long period. However, a few years ago, an opportunity came my way. Early in November one of the staff at Rothamsted Experimental Station, where I work, reported that he had seen great numbers of small beetles resting on a post on our farm. I went up immediately with a colleague, and we found that on one of a pair of gate-posts there were 3,000 or 4,000 small yellow-and-black ladybirds, nearly all on the south face. There were also 1,000 or so more on the grass at the foot of the post, and along the wire-netting fence for a few yards. On the other gate-post, only a few feet away, there were only about thirty beetles.

'We decided that the beetles must be congregating before going off to hide for the winter, so we planned to watch them at frequent intervals to see when they moved off. We examined the swarm almost every day during November, but to our surprise there was no evidence of any mass departure to more sheltered quarters. So we went on watching, less often, right on until April. Towards the end of this month there was some hot weather which caused a lot of movement among the ladybirds, but not much reduction in numbers. It was not until May 6, when the temperature reached seventy-two degrees, that most of them flew away.

'I have received many records of ladybirds hibernating in small and large groups. A correspondent at Sevenoaks, in Kent, was removing about 200 feet of trellis from the front of his house, and found ladybirds underneath it at the rate of about 400 per foot-run.

'I must tell you another curious story from California. There is a ladybird there which is very common in the coastal districts, and as it feeds on green-fly in orchards, it helps the farmers. Every autumn great numbers of them fly inland, a hundred miles or more, to some low mountains and there they hide away in the woods, under stones and among dead leaves, in groups that sometimes apparently reach the size of a cricket ball. When the spring comes again the beetles wake up, and fly back to the coast to continue their good work.

'It occurred to some of the entomologists in the district that it would be a great help to the farmers if the beetles in the mountains could be collected during the winter, brought down to the coast and kept in cool storage until they were wanted. They could then be warmed up and liberated "on the spot". The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and literally millions of beetles were collected during the winter and then later set free in the orchards. Unfortunately the results were very disappointing—in fact there appeared to be no improvement whatever. So an experiment was made in which some thousands of ladybirds

were marked just before liberating in a particular locality, and not one was seen again after a day or two had passed: they had all gone off somewhere else.

'Why did this happen? I think myself that the explanation is obvious. It is the nature of insects to work by rhythm rather than by intelligence, and the winter rhythm of these ladybirds is this: first, to fly to the hills; second, to go to sleep; third, to wake-up, and fourth, to fly back to the coast. When the entomologists collected the beetles in the hills in the winter and brought them back to the coast by train or by car, it was impossible to let the beetles know that in fact stage four—"fly back"—had

already been completed *before* stage three—"wake-up"—had been reached. So when they finally did wake up it was in the very nature of their existence to set off on the long flight which should take them back home. Where they actually flew to nobody knows'.

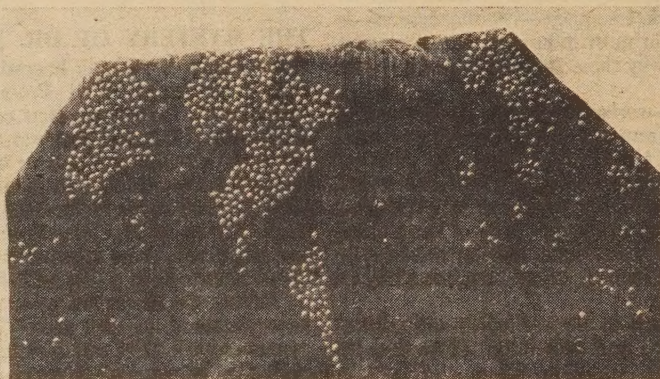
NON-EXPLODING FISH

Danish scientists have been exploring the floor of the Pacific Ocean down to depths of about six miles. One of them, HAAKON MILCHE, spoke in 'The Eye-witness' about finds in 'The Philippines Trench'—a great gash in the floor of the Pacific off the Philippine Islands.

'All told', he said, 'we have brought up from the deeps of the oceans some 200 species of fish which had never been seen before, some of them from as much as 20,000 feet—or about three miles down. They were weird fish, thin and elongated. Their heads were out of all proportion to their long thin, tapering bodies, and while some of them had large round and outsticking eyes, others had no eyes at all.

'One thing we proved conclusively is that a fish does not explode when you bring it up from some 20,000 feet down in the sea. What they die from is not internal explosion, as they are brought up from the great pressures found down in the deeps, but from the equivalent of heat stroke. The temperature of the water—say at 20,000 feet—is about thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit, whereas the surface water above the deeps of the Philippines reaches eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

'But some of the creatures we brought up from really great depths are still alive, among them bacteria. An American scientist whom we invited aboard the *Galatea*, Professor Zobell, found various kinds of bacteria in one of the trawls, and he put them into a container under the same pressure they knew at 32,000 feet—deeper down in the ocean than Mount Everest is high. The outstanding thing is that these bacteria are not unlike species of bacteria found at sea level. For example, the sea anemones which we brought to the surface from a depth of 30,000 feet were almost identical to those one finds along the sea shore, anywhere in the world. They came from a world of darkness and immense pressure, but the only immediate difference you noticed was that they were paler in colour. The same applies to the sea urchins we brought up, and to the shrimps. There was an immense thrill in looking into a trawl that had been down into this world of utter darkness about which science knew absolutely nothing'.



Ladybirds massed on a paling before hibernating

Britain after the Election: Two French Views

I—By ALBERT CAMUS

I AM certainly not going to say, as most of us do, that England's domestic policy is no concern of mine. It is. It affects me, I feel, as it affects millions of Europeans, directly or indirectly. On the other hand, I can quite see that my English listeners may feel that my views, or the views of any Frenchman who has no political responsibilities, are of no immediate interest to them. For that very reason I am going to speak both sincerely and freely about your recent election. Sincerely, because I know how much depends on it. Freely, because I speak for myself alone and have no reason to hide what I really think. Besides, I am speaking to free men.

Above all, it would be dishonest to conceal my partiality. I am not really a socialist, but I have a natural feeling for the libertarian principles of trade unionism, and so I hoped that Labour would win the election. If I were asked why, I should have to confess of course that my mind works by analogy: on the continent of Europe I would rather see Labour in office than Conservatives. And for a very simple reason. Those of you who have seen in continental towns the shockingly obvious contrast between the dire poverty of working-class districts and the ostentatious luxury in which some people live will understand the desire, which is a matter of common decency, for a policy designed to raise the standard of living of the workers by a proportionate levelling down of the blatant wealth which in some quarters has openly been amassed by fraudulent means. I know, of course, that the British have paid for the comparative social justice of their way of life by austerity, and I have no particular love for austerity. But, on the whole, we have only to look around us every day to see that austerity is a far lesser evil than injustice.

I am also interested in the Labour movement as an example of a kind of socialism without a philosophy, or very nearly so. For the last hundred years European socialism has put the philosophy of its leaders above the real interests of its rank and file, the workers. Since this philosophy, effective as it is in its critical aspect, is unrealistic on the constructive side, it has constantly come to grief against the hardness of facts, and continental socialists have had no middle way between opportunism, which sanctions their failure, and terrorism, which at bottom is an attempt to force the realities of human experience and of economics to comply with unrealistic preconceptions. Philosophy, when it intrudes into history, can have very far-reaching effects. In Europe, at all events, it has produced liars and murderers, whereas the aim of socialism was to create a city of free and noble men. It seems to me that in contrast to this the British Labour movement, like Scandinavian socialism, has kept almost true faith with its beginnings, though occasionally infected by opportunism, and that it has managed to achieve, with a certain amount of fumbling, a minimum of justice within a maximum of political liberty. In this respect the example set by England ought to stir the conscience of many of the rulers of Europe.

Anyhow, it is an edifying example for a continental; so much so that it seems to me impossible to judge the British election and its international importance without taking into consideration just those particular problems which arise, in your country and on the continent, out of the idea of social justice. I mean that there are not two problems, the domestic problem of social justice and the international problem of peace; but one problem, within which peace depends on domestic justice, and domestic justice is bound up with the issue of peace and war. Europe—make no mistake about it—will have no peace without social justice. We hear, for instance, that Mr. Churchill has strengthened all government departments concerned with defence, and that in circumstances which have once more taken a tragic turn, he will keep a firm hand on the helm. I have no doubt about that. Through the long years of war I admired Mr. Churchill's way of speaking: this was the hope and pride not only of your country, but of ours; he spoke for us when we were gagged. Some of us at any rate will not forget that, whatever else may come between us and Mr. Churchill. We hear, too, that your Prime Minister intends to round off his great career as a statesman by strengthening the cause of peace. Of this I am unreservedly glad. But I am convinced that Mr. Churchill will have to do more than meet Stalin, whom he has already met, I seem to remember, at Yalta; he will have to carry on many features of Mr.

Attlee's domestic policy. In short, I feel that the international situation has not imposed a real defeat on Labour in the recent election since Mr. Churchill, in his desire for peace, will have to turn Labour himself to a considerable extent.

What I mean is this. Peace undoubtedly depends on how the western democracies manage to win the cold war, without leaping into the fires of war in the proper sense. Britain is the only European democracy which has already won this cold war on its own account, in that communism has practically disappeared there. We cannot claim as much. When one-quarter of the electorates of Italy and France vote for the enemy marked out for them, we are obviously in no state, rearmament or no, to put up an effective resistance against that enemy. Those who will not admit this are simply lying. And the strength of the Communist Party on the continent of Europe lies neither in its absurd propaganda nor, of course, in the example of the Russian concentration camps, but in the scandalous social injustice of our way of life. What can one think of a nation which is striving against a communist power and yet takes no steps to deal with the kind of disorder which breeds communists as moisture breeds plants? Only this: that such a nation is laying itself open to every kind of attack and is therefore simply asking for the final onslaught which will start a general conflagration.

Our European democracies all have a genuine desire for peace. If they know nothing else, they do at least know—and nobody better than the French—that war is no longer profitable and that atomic warfare would be absurd and suicidal. But if we are all aware of this we are not all equally capable of making the offer of peace. What is the good of a defeated man making the offer of peace to the victor standing over him armed to the teeth? And if both are equally armed, what is the good of one of them offering the other peace if a member of his own family is waiting behind his back to grip him by the throat? That is why, and I say this deliberately, the continental democracies can no longer make a real contribution to the cause of peace in the present state of things. All we can do, in the first place, is to try to recover from the cancer which is eating into our vitals, or, and this comes to the same thing in the end, to bring back a spirit of mutual understanding and agreement within our own family. No, Britain is the country which in these recent years of the cold war has given most pledges to peace, making it clear at the same time that she would not give way to aggression. It may well be that the fact that we can still breathe freely today is entirely due to the wisdom which your Government has manifested on several occasions. But your country could only afford the luxury of maintaining peace after ensuring victory by deliberately giving up something of its standard of living.

Social injustice is indeed an extravagant luxury which can be afforded only by nations which are rich enough to make good its ravages or have an efficient police-force to quell the rebels. Britain, poor in currency but rich in freedom, has been wise enough to give up this luxury, and that is why Britain has, for the time being, won the cold war which the continent of Europe is losing through the greed and obtuseness of its ruling classes.

That is why I think that the Conservative Government, if it wishes both to maintain peace and discourage aggression, will have to leave intact the main social reforms of which Britain is enjoying the benefit. It ought to be convinced of this not only by the narrow margin of its election victory and the increase in the Labour vote, but by the exigencies of the cold war itself. My only fear is that the Conservatives may think they can pursue peace in their foreign policy and at the same time go back on the domestic policy of their opponents. And this is the fear, not of a political partisan, but of a man who has spent his life outside politics and officialdom; who has done some thinking on his own about the causes of the present weakness of European democracy, and found them to be the indifference or disaffection of increasing masses of people who feel, with justification, that their share of the national income is unfairly small. Dictatorships can afford to make armies out of the down-trodden; they have ways of persuading their men to fight. Democracies, on the other hand, need soldiers who have something to defend. When a man is deprived of everything, including hope, he no longer has anything to defend. It appears that there are some millions of Europeans who consider they have nothing to defend in defending their nation. That is the most important feature of our

history, the tragic evidence which makes your strength and our weakness. It is up to us to remedy that weakness. But do you retain your surest strength by maintaining justice at all costs. To conclude, if Mr. Churchill, as I most sincerely wish he may, obtains peace, he will owe part of his success to the reforms undertaken by the Coalition Government and consolidated by Mr. Attlee; and this will be a striking symbol of the deep unity underlying the apparent differences of a people which, on one more occasion in its long history, will have earned our esteem and our gratitude.

But perhaps I may be allowed to make another frank comment: that is that your country will have earned an even greater right to the gratitude of free men when its virtues are no longer exercised in isolation. Europe, because of its very disorder, has need of Britain; and wretched as this continent may seem, it is certain that Britain will not find salvation apart from Europe. The attitude of prejudice or indifference which your politicians often cultivate towards the continent may be legitimate; it is none the less regrettable. Mistrust may be a useful method, but it is an odious principle: a moment always comes when the principle conflicts with the facts. The facts affirm that, for better or worse, Britain and Europe are bound up together. It may seem an unfortunate marriage. But as one of our moralists said: marriage may sometimes be good but never delightful. As our marriage is not a delightful one, let us at least try to make it a good one, since divorce is out of the question. For divorce is out of the question. Whatever pledges Britain may give to peace, she will go to war if Europe is unable to establish her own personal unity and abandons herself unreservedly to east or west. And there will be no unity for Europe unless we find the way to justice. And the way will not be found unless those forces and those men who have always served the causes of peace and justice work together. These forces, these men, as far as Europe is concerned, are mostly socialist—there is no getting away from that. But European socialism, demoralised by its doctrinaire follies or its excessive opportunism, cannot do without British trade unionism. The Labour Government has been guilty of the very great sin of disregarding or repulsing the comradeship of Europe, and thus allowing the continent to become the arena for a cold war liable at any moment to become a hot war which nobody wants.

If the move to the opposition benches taught Labour this lesson, if Mr. Churchill's own realism, or one of those great inspirations which are sometimes the consummation of a long political career, brought him to a sense of solidarity with the reforms of the Labour Party and the interests of working-class Europe, if he were to achieve the supreme skill of furthering at one and the same time the interests of justice and of peace, then Europe, France, and those individual Frenchmen of my own way of thinking could rejoice, whatever their political feelings, in the issue of your recent election, in the name of a value which rises above parties and nations, a value which different people refer to in different ways—the dignity or the happiness of mankind.

II—By RAYMOND ARON

I AM PROBABLY not quite as independent of politics as Albert Camus, but I think I can claim to be open-minded, too. For instance: in 1951 I should not have hesitated to vote Conservative, but in 1945 I should have hesitated, and perhaps next time I shall be on the side of Labour. In other words, I am the sort of man whose political mind is not made up once and for all by metaphysical beliefs or the force of tradition. Camus tells us that the forces and men who have always served the causes of peace and justice are mostly socialist. Does he really think that non-socialists are less in love with peace? Have the socialists of any country shown a particular capacity for opposing tyrants and their warlike enterprises? To my mind, the most deplorable feature of the recent campaign was the insinuation that the Conservatives were at once more war-minded and less dependable, irresponsibly blinkered by their warlike mood or even by their eagerness for war.

Albert Camus is quite right to praise the progress achieved by Labour towards the ideal of social justice, and he is probably thinking of what economists call the redistribution of the national income. But, as he says himself, the main measures of taxation which have made for this redistribution were the work of the Conservatives or the Coalition. Even the food subsidies, whose advisability is debatable, but which many continentals believe to be in the interests of the working classes, were conceived and put into operation by the Coalition Government. I do not,

of course, deny Labour the credit for carrying on with measures designed in the first instance for special war-time needs and making them into a semi-permanent system. But Labour policy is defined not so much in terms of the ideal of social justice, which no right-thinking man could fail to support, as of its preference for certain methods: nationalisation and state control. And there is no essential relation between these particular methods and that ideal. A country like Great Britain, with 50,000,000 men living in a restricted territory, has to export to an enormous extent, and seems to me ill-adapted for experiments in collectivism. I am afraid that public trusts will do nothing to minimise the disadvantages brought about by the concentration of economic power in the hands of the directors of gigantic undertakings, or by the disappearance of competition through professional organisations. These reasons, which may well seem unidealistic, were enough to justify the desire for a Conservative victory which would put a stop to the tendency to slip into a completely collectivised economy.

But yet another reason made me hope for a Conservative victory. The people who heap praises on the Labour Government, with some justification, forget that on one capital issue Labour has failed lamentably. Great Britain today is threatened by a monetary crisis even more serious than in 1947 or 1949. Were it not for the generous help of American capitalism, the Labour Government would not have lasted as long as it did.

I am not so unfair as to blame Labour entirely for Great Britain's difficulty in balancing payments. The war upset the conditions of life in Great Britain and the whole of the British Empire. The dollar shortage was not brought about by Labour's improvidence and will not miraculously disappear through the competence of the Conservatives. But it is none the less true that a government which is incapable of maintaining the life of the community without appeal to foreign aid has failed in one of its vitally important tasks. Full employment at home, that source of legitimate pride for Labour, would have given way to mass unemployment if the dollars needed to pay for certain imports had not been lent or given by the government at Washington.

These arguments—and let me say again that I realise how deplorably unidealistic they are—incline me to a different interpretation of the present situation and the immediate outlook. Of course it is of prime importance to preserve the national unity, Britain's most important contribution to the common cause of the west. But this unity was inherited by Labour from a centuries-old tradition; it is now passed on intact to Labour's successors. Why should it suffer at the hands of the Conservatives?

If the rearmament programme is to be carried out and the balance of payments restored, the standard of living of the country as a whole will have to fall. That being so, the question is not whether the Conservative Government will go back on the social reforms brought about or consolidated by Labour, for the answer to that is clear: the Conservatives will denationalise steel, but will not interfere to any great extent with the welfare state or taxation. The real question is whether the British people will accept the extra sacrifices which they are all bound to make, whatever their class, if the decision to rearm, which was a Labour decision, is to be given effect. For my part I have no doubts about the British nation's sense of duty. But the demagogues must not blame these harsh necessities on the selfishness of the Conservatives, or pretend that capital levy will raise the standard of living of the workers. The simple truth is that it is no longer possible in England to improve the lot of the poor to any perceptible extent by worsening the lot of the rich. Everybody's lot is going to depend on increased production. The keyword from now on, on your side of the Channel, will no longer be equality but efficiency.

On our side of the Channel the case is different, and there I agree with Albert Camus: an extra dose of what are usually called Labour principles would certainly benefit the continental countries, particularly France and Italy. The contrast between luxury and poverty is more startling in these countries than elsewhere. Unfortunately, the very fact that communism is strong enough to isolate a considerable proportion of the working class from the solidarity of the nation strengthens the hand of the reactionaries and lessens the chances of bringing about the kind of reforms we would both like to see. At all events, the redistribution of the national income, which still has great possibilities in France and Italy, would fall far short of appeasing the general discontent and undermining the Communist Party. It may be that France and Italy would not now be suffering from the cancer of Stalinism if over the last fifty years society had evolved in a different way, if economic progress had been more rapid, income more fairly divided.

But it is by no means true that injustice, inequality, poverty are the only, or even the chief, reasons for the success of communism there.

When we are shown on the one hand a Britain saved from civil strife by the justice of the Labour movement, on the other hand a France riven by the selfishness and obtuseness of its ruling classes, we are reminded of the sort of pictures we saw in the nursery. Think for a moment: there is no country, not even France, which has had to face a social crisis as severe as the one England passed through between the wars. There was never a more tragic poverty than in the so-called 'depressed areas', where unemployment was worst. Yet communism could hardly be said to exist in the Conservative England of 1939, whereas it was already a power to reckon with in the France of the Popular Front. Stalinism in France and Italy is a spiritual phenomenon; it has spread partly as a result of economic and social factors, but it will not be repressed simply by bettering the lot of the under-dog, necessary though this improvement may be.

It is a good thing that we should be reminded of the eternal truth which belongs to a higher plane than history, that a just society, impregnable to communism, would be the finest contribution to the cause of peace. But since, in history, all societies are imperfect, even Labour England, and even more so the peoples of Europe, shattered by two wars and by inflation, we must work our hardest for peace in spite of the communist parties, and not give way to defeatism.

For my part, I doubt whether British policy with regard to Europe

will be very different under Mr. Eden from what it was before. British trade unionism, with its very great merits and its limitations, can do nothing to inject new life into European socialism. Europe, lying just west of the Iron Curtain, could never find any unity outside the two blocs, but only within the Atlantic group. If Europe has become the arena of a cold war, the fault is not Labour's, and no British government will change that situation as long as the Russian armies are stationed at Weimar and the Communist Parties take orders from the Kremlin.

What I hope for from Winston Churchill, who in our eyes is still the heroic war-leader, is less far-reaching. The foreign policy of the Labour Government during the last few months has seemed so lamentable to us Frenchmen that what we expect from the new leaders is above all a stiffening of morale. The west could hardly do without a strong Britain whose prestige is undiminished, able to speak to our allies in Washington with the firmness and frankness which are proper to discussions between friends. Nobody, in my opinion, is better qualified than Winston Churchill to restore that alliance between equals which ought to exist between the European democracies and the United States. Will he also be able to find a means of communication with Stalin? He seems to think so, though I cannot feel entirely confident. But perhaps if anybody can, he can; the man who gave heart to the British Empire in the lonely struggle of 1940, whom Stalin probably dislikes but at least esteems and respects.—*Third Programme*

[Both these talks were translated by John Cocking]

The Sovereign African Republic

PATRICK O'DONOVAN on Liberia and its capital

MONROVIA, capital of Liberia, is one of those places that no reasonable traveller ever seriously considers visiting. It sounds, and is, less romantic than Samarkand or Mandalay. But it is at the end of a line and, intellectually, you cannot go any further than this. It stands—as all symbolic capitals should—on a hill that is really a rock. The Atlantic is on one side, and on the other the plain runs away, dead level, a dying green, blazing hot, cut with slow creeks, a rich tangle of forest and scrub and clearings right to the horizon.

There is a belt of slums on the sides of the rock, huts and shacks all roofed with tin and filled to overflowing with Africans of many races. But on the top of the rock, a hundred feet above the plain, there are three or four streets that are the real Monrovia, where the true Liberians live in a sort of quasi-American splendour. Here it is all very decorous. The streets are almost empty and the blinds down. The cars are American. The smart young men wear draped suits and snap brim hats and sun glasses so that to tired English eyes they look like last season's gangsters which, of course, they are not. But, most surprising of all, many of the houses are built in the American colonial style.

Even though it does not look quite finished, it looks older and more permanent than the other West African coast cities. The walls are of pleasant red brick. Graceful white pillars, obviously shaped by hand, hold up wide porches over the front doors. There are little simple fanlights and fine big windows. Of course they have corrugated iron roofs, but they are painted a dull red that suits the sun and the walls. There is nothing phoney about these sad town houses. Nobody builds them now or much admires them. Some of them are empty and have grown little private jungles in their walled gardens. But they were built, seventy or eighty years ago, by people who still remembered the houses in which their fathers had been slaves.

For the founders of this strange republic, which has no counterpart in all the world, were



Contrast in Monrovia: Ashburn Street, one of the three or four roads 'where the true Liberians live in a sort of quasi-American splendour'; and (left) tin shacks beside the Mesurado River, with fishermen's nets drying

freed slaves or the half-caste children of slaves. They were sent here with the best intentions by the American Colonisation Society. It was a humanitarian organisation which, at the beginning of the last century, was obsessed by the evils of slavery and was looking for a solution to the problem of what to do with the growing numbers of free Negroes whose status was uncertain and whose condition was tragic. There was a national subscription and about eighty of

them were sent home to Africa. This boat-load arrived on the west coast in 1820. They came as complete strangers; they were all at least six generations away from tribal life. They died of fever as readily as white men. They came, not so much to build something new, as to avoid the miseries of their old life. The first settlement was a failure and the survivors took refuge in the British Settlement at Sierre Leone.

Manna from the Sea

The officials of the society did not give up. They bought some land at the mouth of the Mesurado River. They paid the native kings six muskets, one box of beads, two hogsheds of tobacco, one cask of gunpowder, six bars of iron, ten iron pots, one dozen knives and forks, one dozen spoons, six pieces of blue cloth, four hats, three coats, three pairs of shoes, one box of soap, and one barrel of rum. By 1822, there was a village of mud and board hovels by the river. The American flag was hoisted. The wretched colonists had to resist the attacks of local tribes; they relied heavily on food and supplies sent by ship from America since there was little time for agriculture and, anyway, the colonists showed little inclination for work while the manna came so easily from over the sea.

For twenty-five years they defended themselves against the attacks of local Africans and slave traders. More colonists arrived, and United States warships dumped into this place all the Africans they found in the holds of slave vessels they captured at sea. But Britain refused to recognise the existence of this new state, and the American Government—preoccupied with war in Mexico and with its own sudden arrival as a Great Power—lost interest in this difficult child. So, on the insistence of the American Government, in 1847 the colonists produced *their* Declaration of Independence and had written for them a constitution closely parallel to that of their parent country. From then on the country was free, sovereign and independent.

The most peculiar things began to happen. The Liberians say of themselves, 'The love of Liberty brought us here'. They sing—frequently—in their anthem, 'Liberia!' 'Glorious land of Liberty, by God's command'. But this was not quite how it worked out in practice. They were quite unprepared for this absolute independence. Their past had been bitter and humiliating. This then, they thought, was the Promised Land. When the colony was founded, the good people in America thought that it would act as a great christianising influence on Africa, but the truth is that the returned slaves behaved simply like untrained and even stupid colonists. They made a rigid distinction between the Christian colonists and the native heathens under their jurisdiction. The country was divided between Americo-Liberians and 'natives'. The colonists kept the coastal strip for themselves; the rest they called the Hinterland and kept out of it as much as possible. Only owners of land could claim citizenship, so that excluded 'natives', who owned theirs tribally and on a communal basis. They asserted a real superiority of brown over black. As late as 1930 the League of Nations found slavery in Liberia. These people made little attempt to educate or christianise the natives, only to keep them firmly in their place. Things have changed a lot—and for the better—since before the war, but the distinction between the two classes still exists in Liberia today. The President, Mr. Tubman, now clearly desires a united and equal country. But such changes cannot be made overnight.

Education was (almost exclusively) provided by the American missions. They gave a largely theological training to a people that needed techniques. The Americo-Liberians developed an extraordinary attitude—'The world owes us a living'. They remembered that white masters did not work back in America with their hands, and they were not going to either. They were landowners, politicians, lawyers, and ministers, and the mark of a gentleman was a well-groomed appearance. There can be no country in the world where the percentage of top hats among politicians is so high, and even today it is impossible to visit any official unless one is wearing a coat and tie. To a stranger, this is saddening rather than shocking. It is too easy to see why it has happened. They developed an astonishing conviction of superiority and a great intolerance of criticism. That is still true. There is still only one political party, the True Whigs. Opposition tends to be dangerous. I met one Senator, a dignified old man in a grey silk suit, who said he was off electioneering. I asked him who his opponent was. He looked surprised. He had none. All civil servants pay a voluntary contribution of a month's salary each year to the party funds. The annual conventions, they told me, are very splendid affairs.

But it is easy enough to blame Liberia; their real achievement is that

they have survived at all. Everything was against them; their own tragic background, the nature of the country, and the ill-will of their neighbours. France and Britain both lopped off pieces of their territory. It is simply a tragedy that this first Negro state in Africa should have had to face such appalling difficulties, should have been so soon abandoned to itself, should have been so continuously short of the means of self-development. It is now starting to do things that were accomplished a generation ago on the Gold Coast. American capital is opening up mines, roads, and plantations, and Liberia has begun to change. It is changing as swiftly as any country in the world.

I found a hotel in a side-street of Monrovia. It was run by Americans and was used as a sort of club by the employees from the plantations and by Liberians who had studied in America. The actual road outside was impassable. It was strewn with boulders and a footpath wound its way among them. It was lined with dignified old-fashioned houses and there I sat, receiving messages from the various officials and politicians to the effect that they surely wished me a pleasant stay in their country, but were, at the time, too busy to see me. So the Public Relations arranged a little outing for me up country. We drove off the rock, across the river and into the hot plain beyond. There was the new and only railway that links a new American iron ore concession with the port. There were brand new bridges and every now and again we came across large working parties with bulldozers and tractors, tearing at the forest; and always in charge of them was one of those genial and massive American technicians, covered with dust and oil. They always, at any rate, look as if they were working harder and accomplishing more than their British counterparts. These are the people who are driving change into this country like wedges into a log.

I stopped, too, to meet a District Commissioner some way from the city. He lived in a whitewashed compound on the edge of a large village. The houses were quite round, and stoutly built of mud, and painted with pictures of animals and trees. Each stood as neat as a hat box on a patch of swept earth. Inside each house there was a pool of cool darkness where old people sat with their legs stuck straight out in front of them. Only their eyes moved as we passed their huts. One house had a table and two chairs outside it. There was a cloth on the table, and a teapot; a man and a woman in European clothing just sat there as if they were waiting to have their photograph taken. These Bush districts send Senators and Representatives to the two Houses in Monrovia, but in fact they are ruled by District Commissioners whose wide powers include physical punishment, and by Chiefs who administer Native Law and Custom. That is a familiar system to anyone who has been to Africa. Here the District Commissioner was a casual, friendly man, not far from old age; but he had a grievance. We woke him up and we sat on a row of chairs on his porch. It seemed that the Government owed him \$130 and would not admit it. He did not like his job and wanted to get back to an office in Monrovia.

Unfinished Elegance

There were occasional mission stations run by optimistic American Negroes, and there were large country houses starting straight out of the rough ground. They were two or three storeys high, with gables and turrets, and all entirely made out of corrugated iron. They too had a look of faded, Victorian elegance, and they seemed to be deserted or else occupied by a host of campers for the weekend. But nothing seemed finished or accomplished. It was all past failure or future promise. I did not get far from Monrovia.

The last day I spent in the city was Sunday and I was woken by the sound of hymns. In fact the whole town was rocking to the sound of sacred music. The better streets were almost animated with families going off to chapel—gloved, parasolled, hatted, and carrying books of prayer. But off the rock and down by the river, it was more ordinary. The cooking fires sent up their columns of smoke from the tumbled mass of huts. Women, wrapped carelessly in bits of cloth, shrieked at one another. Little naked children with swollen stomachs scabbled happily in the dust. And on the river, a long canoe, manned by Fanti fishermen, was putting out to sea. They come here, working up the coast in their canoes, every year from the Gold Coast. They were singing quietly to themselves and grunting in unison as their paddles took the water.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

Letters from America, which is now published by Rupert Hart-Davis at 12s. 6d., is a selection of Alistair Cooke's broadcast talks that were first commissioned by the B.B.C. in 1946 and are still continuing.

Lake and Forest in Finland

The first of two talks by TOM HOPKINSON

FROM a low, rounded hill one looks out over the wide estuary of the Kemi River. Below is a quay, fringed by a light railway. The estuary's surface is completely calm, reflecting a placid autumn sky. Far out towards the coast of Sweden little islands float, suspended on their own reflections an inch over the horizon.



'The picture of home a Finn carries in his mind: a little house, often only a two-roomed cabin, with low firs and birches behind it and a lake in front'

Inshore a tug is drawing seven black Noah's Arks, fastened to one another with cables, majestically down-channel. They have the Noah's Ark hull, squared off and rising at bow and stern (if such craft can be said to have 'bows' and 'sterns'). They have the flat Noah's Ark roof, declining at either end; but instead of pairs of animals they carry timber. They are weatherproof barges belonging to the vast Kemi Company, one of the biggest wood and pulp concerns in Finland.

The tug that pulls these Noah's Arks overtakes another tug, farther out. I see now that this second tug, which I thought was anchored or riding at a buoy, is moving infinitely slowly. A tremendous wash churns out beneath her stern, as she struggles like a wasp on fly-paper. She is towing a vast, pear-shaped raft of logs, barely showing above the water's surface—but 'raft' is too solid a word: what she is drawing after her is a necklace of tree-trunks enclosing a mass of many thousand other trunks on their way to the saw-mills. The mill that will shave and slice these logs is the biggest in Europe. Last year it sent out 40,000,000 cubic feet of timber, and the logs pouring down to it from the forests up-country caused a jam in the river nearly six miles long. Water and wood provide the raw material, the means of transport and the source of power, for Finland's gigantic timber industry. The logs are felled in winter, when they can be hauled most easily over the frozen ground. The wood is then at its driest, since growth is almost at a standstill. On the spring thaws, the logs ride the smaller streams to be formed into rafts for escort down-river. Water and wood, forest and lake—of these two elements, not only her industry but Finland itself is largely made up.

Of the country's whole area not less than seventy per cent. is forest and ten per cent. lake or river.

Seen from the air, as evening closes in, the forest rolls on like night itself. Rides or lanes, scoring straight lines through the trees every few hundred yards, show that—for all its desolation—the forest is under constant survey and protection. Great chains of lakes, scattered with islands, show their irregular, long-drawn shapes. They follow the huge scars, scratched across Finland from north-west to south-east, by the glaciers of the Ice Age. Along their shores the logs lie scattered. In the heart of their forest they look, from this height, like boxes of spilled matches; near the mills they have been carefully sorted behind booms. As the sun sinks, pale vaporous mists steam up off the water and hang lightly over the tree-tops, to be joined by the smoke from a hundred fires in which brushwood is being burned. They twinkle in the thickening air like the matches and cigarettes of a football crowd on a December afternoon.

Forest and lake provide the home and the home's setting; and the picture of home the Finn carries in his mind is of a little house, often only a two-roomed cabin, with low firs and birches behind it and a lake in front. The lake is so much part of the picture that a Finnish lady told me that, when she was taken as a child to Switzerland and saw little villas which caught her fancy, she asked her mother how such pleasant houses could have been put there, where there was no water. Lakes and rivers imply boats, and with the Finns boats are as common almost as bicycles. In the town of Vasa, half-way up the Gulf of Bothnia, there are 4,000 motor-boats among 6,000-7,000 families.

Agriculture and forestry make up the life of half Finland's four-and-a-quarter million people. But these are not separate pursuits as farming and coal-mining might be with us. Finland's farms are largely one-man or one-family concerns—there are almost three times as many independent farmers as there are agricultural workers or tenants. But many of these farms are too small to yield a living. So the farmers work their land in summer—a short period of rapid growth, when crops get sun by night as well as day—and spend the winter logging or hauling timber. Moreover, the classic Finnish farm is itself half cleared land and half forest. The forest yields firewood, and wild creatures for sport. But it also serves as capital. A farmer sells part of

his timber to buy stock—or, as on one farm I visited, to buy a foal for trotting races. If he wants to add new pasture, he may sell the trees off part of his forest, and begin to clear the soil, burning brushwood, leaving the stumps to rot in the wet ground, later dragging them up and digging deep drains, before ploughing and planting his first crop.

In the north, where new development is being pressed on fastest, one sees often the jagged shapes of these old



The Finnish sauna: bathers thrashing themselves with birch twigs

roots lately torn from the ground after a year or two of rotting. They lie in neat rows along the new-made field, waiting to be taken off by tractor and burned, and their fantastic blackened outlines seem like the stumps of dragons' teeth waiting to be sown. This ceaseless transformation of forest and swamp into agricultural land gives Finnish farming a strong feeling of the pioneer. The battle against nature, both winter and summer, is back-breaking—and the struggle of the Finn to tame his wild native land gives the theme for Finland's most famous novel, *Seven Brothers*, by Alexis Kivi, a vivid and monumental tale of hunting and farming a century ago.

Today, however, the Finnish farmer's tough and enterprising spirit is blended with readiness to make use of new methods: on one farm the owner told me he decided to build a new barn. He started, just as his great-grandfather would have done, by building an oven and baking his own bricks. He built the barn entirely himself, then installed a small laboratory for milk-testing in one corner.

Traditions of the Countryman

I spoke of the farmer who bought a foal for trotting races: this is a great sport in Finland, but speed alone does not satisfy his sense of what is practical. His light but sturdy horses must be capable of pulling weights as well—dragging so many kilos through ten yards of sand. So that a farmer will say of his mare that she returns the eighth or tenth best time in the country as a trotter, and has also pulled, perhaps, 1,450 kilos—the record haul being 1,600.

The farmhouse in which a prosperous farmer lives is smaller than it would be in England. Built of wood, it is painted almost invariably a tawny red picked out in white. A layer of fir-twigs serves as door-mat. Inside, plants and shrubs climb delightfully about the living-room, trained up walls and around beams. The lighted windows of Finnish homes at night, whether farmhouses or city flats, always looked to me like aquariums; a mass of foliage growing upwards in a lighted box. Perhaps a stuffed bird or a pair of squirrels, not confined under glass but perched naturally on twigs or boughs, bring outdoor life into the farmhouse parlour. Only thirty years ago one would still have seen in many country districts the old peasant dress. In Petsamo—the port on the Arctic Ocean, handed over to the Russians under the Armistice of September 1944—the old seventeenth- and eighteenth-century costumes were still regularly worn as lately as twenty-five years ago, so a bank manager who lived there told me. The old customs were kept up, too; a wedding, for instance, would go on for a week.

Today, outside the towns, the usual dress for men is breeches, grey or greenish, often patched with leather; boots of leather or rubber coming half-way up the calf; thick woollen lumberjackets, rather long and woven in dark checks, dull red and black; red and grey; grey and yellow and dark green. A note of fantasy comes into the cloth caps worn by the young sparks: I saw pale yellow, orange, dark red, light and dark blue, purple—all with a little spike in the centre like the spike on a tarboosh. In winter many, particularly the older men, have round fur hats with ear-pieces, and the richer farmers or merchants wear short mackintoshes or wind-breakers, sheepskin-lined, with handsome fur collars standing round their ears.

If not beautiful, the men's dress is practical and has a picturesque backwoods note. It goes well with the gun, the axe, the skis and sleigh. But in giving up her old-time costume the Finnish woman has lost immeasurably, surrendering the gaiety and dignity of dresses, which can now be seen only in museums, for the dullest echoes of western fashions, factory products without charm or colour.

This backwoods note of the men's dress runs through many aspects of Finnish provincial life. It is in the immense open market-places, found even in quite tiny towns, into which the yellow post-buses—often the only means of travel—come rattling and shaking, with the air of having driven through a raging snowstorm or seen a bear—as indeed they very well may have done. They will still serve, these market-places, when the little town has grown twenty times its size: meantime, the few stalls and the shooting-gallery with its wheezing gramophone crowd for comfort into one corner.

There is a sense about most Finnish provincial towns of having grown up overnight, and indeed many of them have grown almost overnight. This is not merely a matter of war damage—though, in the north particularly, towns such as Rovaniemi, Lapland's capital, were practically erased by the Germans during their winter retreat. Nor is it just that the towns, being built of wood, were frequently destroyed by fire, as the whole town of Vasa, for instance, was destroyed in 1862. It is much more that Finland became an independent state only in

1917, and by far the greater part of her industrialisation has taken place since that time—150 years of industrial revolution sandwiched into less than forty. Hence not only the rapid growth of towns, but also the fact that, side by side with the most modern factories and the most enlightened methods of management and co-operation with workers, one finds others which, technically and humanly, are distinctly backward.

From this also comes something more important still, an aspect of Finnish life which may prove of value to the whole world. Because Finland is a big country with a small population, the partial change from agriculture to industry has not defaced the land. Outwardly it has scarcely touched it. There is nothing in all Finland like the abandoned mine-workings of South Wales, or the industrial areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire. And because Finland's industry developed late, it has developed in a modern way, with factories that are well built, airy and, often, attractive to look at or work in. Nor are they crowded together like ours, so that access to the country is cut off. The typical Finnish factory stands on the shores of a lake, with forest behind—once round the bend, in your canoe or motor-boat, and you have no idea the factory exists. Because of this, the Finns have never been separated from their own countryside in the way we have, by that most painful amputation of modern times, whose grim effects upon our lives we still hardly understand. The Finnish industrial worker is a countryman, and even the office-workers of Helsinki manage as a rule to live outside their city during the summer, in one of the thousands of villas along the Baltic coast or scattered over the islands in the bay. 'Even in time of war', a distinguished Finnish writer told me, 'we know peace. We have the peace of our countryside in our hearts'.

Just as Britain's contribution to the world, or part of our contribution, may one day be to have developed and understood the use of leisure—all that is so often sneered at in the phrase 'the English weekend'—so Finland's contribution, or part of it, may be to show how a true relationship with the countryside can be maintained, in spite of having to let industry develop. It may be too late for us to benefit from this lesson, but it will not come too late for India, China, South America—or Africa.

An unusual custom among the Finns helps to make possible their life in or on the countryside. This is the famous *sauna*. The *sauna* in Helsinki is an elaborate Turkish bath in which one can steam oneself thin, thrash oneself with leafy birch twigs to encourage circulation, be soaped from head to foot by buxom female attendants, and then, after a shower, plunge into a swimming-bath before enjoying a massage and a glass of cold beer in a cubicle. In the city this might be considered simply a delightful way of passing time, though in fact the Finns attach a good deal of almost spiritual significance to their *sauna*. But in the country the *sauna* has an economic value. Here it consists of a small log-cabin; usually by a lakeside. Historically, it is the first place built by the pioneering farmer, and he and his family live in the *sauna* during the first winter, after harvesting their crop. Next spring they start to build the farmhouse, to have it ready before autumn. In one corner of the *sauna* is a large metal drum filled with stones. Fire is built under these stones, which are heated to cracking point; then dippers of water, thrown on to the stones, cause the heat to discharge over the little room in blinding invisible waves. The family sit round on benches, as near to the roof as they can bear it, and beat themselves with their leafy branches, afterwards perhaps plunging into the lake, or rolling in the snow.

A Personal 'Spring-cleaning'

The economic point about the *sauna* is that it provides a farm or villa with the possibility of bathing without need for expensive fittings, such as bath, piping, and taps, or for a main water-supply in places where this would be impossible. The water comes either from a stream, or from a well with a bucket on an enormous beam, such as one sees from miles away across the horse-breeding plains of Hungary. This *sauna*, in country places, is taken as a rule once a week—but it is very much more than what we understand by a bath, and is indeed a kind of vigorous spring-cleaning of the person.

Among the backward, if outwardly delightful, aspects of Finnish life one must include the railways: though the Finns would answer that, if the need to pay reparations to Russia had allowed them to keep the wagons, engines, and lines built in their workshops since the war, and if Britain would send the coal they need and would gladly pay for, their railways would soon be as up to date as any. Such modernisation of

(continued on page 892)

The Reith Lectures

The Fairy Story of Natural Rights*

By LORD RADCLIFFE

ONCE upon a time, before men formed themselves into political societies, they lived in a state of nature. Each man in this state had certain natural rights, rights, that is, which belonged to him just because he was a man. They were the rights to life, to liberty, and to property. Political societies—States—were formed by mutual arrangement (as business men form mutual insurance societies) to guarantee these rights, because men, uncombined, found it difficult to make their rights secure. This is the only purpose of the State and its only justification. And if those who hold power in it use its power for any other purpose they betray their trust and forfeit the right to hold it.

Influence of John Locke

This, in bare outline, is the famous theory of natural rights and the social contract. I started it like the opening of a fairy story, because it seems to me just like a fairy story. Yet it is the theory of John Locke who was that rare thing, an English philosopher: the writer whose essays on *Toleration* and *The True Original Extent and End of Civil Government* were the inspiration of the Whig Party, the man who was able to explain, characteristically, how it was that the English Revolution of 1688 was not really a revolution at all. And the theory bit deep into the minds of those who were later to make the American and the French Revolutions. Indeed it bit deep into the political structure of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and traces of it can be found in unexpected corners today. More than that, the theory of natural rights looks like coming back to us with something of its old apostolic fervour, owing to the rise of American influence in world affairs: for the American Revolution began with the announcement, as self-evident truth, 'that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness'.

As soon as one begins to consider these ideas, several questions come up. Did their sponsors really believe in this original state of nature? I think that they did. I cannot read Locke without thinking that he did. Before the nineteenth century an antiquarian's chief equipment was his imagination, and it is difficult to appreciate how very misty men of the seventeenth century were about all primitive history. Again, did these men really believe that political society is formed by any process at all resembling a voluntary contract? Again, I think, yes. Probably nobody accepts these beliefs today: yet it is often said that the ideas themselves represent something that is still alive and valuable, even if their basis is quite unreal. I would like to look into that.

Certainly, they make a very pedestrian affair of the State if the whole association is to be thought of as a kind of business contract. Contract and rights; this is to use lawyer's language, and it is true that this particular set of political ideas is largely the creation of lawyers. But above all they are ideas designed to lower the status of political power. How it is fallen from its high estate! No longer the supreme mission, responsible for everyone's life, as Plato saw it: no longer the divine duty of medieval thought: instead, power is an official confined to his task of making sure that the individual citizen is free to pursue the great end of making the best or most of himself. Here, then, is a negative theory about power, a theory intended to tie it down, and a positive theory about the individual, a theory intended to let him loose. Loose for what? I do not think that the answer belongs to this lecture, because the question itself did not directly trouble the men of whom I am speaking. What mattered to them, above everything else, was that there should be individual liberty.

For Locke was rationalising a change that had come over the world. One must look back to see the nature of this change. The faith and the life of ten centuries had dissolved with the Middle Ages, and they—with their beliefs and fears—had passed away. Men had reclaimed the right to critical thought, and to think critically means—should mean—discovery and invention. The power to criticise, the freedom to discover—to innovate—led to a new self-confidence. Man himself, perhaps, so 'noble in reason', so 'infinite in faculty', was the lost heir to the

world's estate: and that other world which pressed so close about and intermingled with the life of the Middle Ages shrank away from these hard and questioning eyes. There is a passage of Pascal that expresses something of the combined grandeur and arrogance of this new attitude:

Thought makes the essence of man; one cannot think of him without it. . . . Man is nothing but a reed, the weakest in all nature; but he is a reed that thinks. It needs no universe in arms to wipe him out: a mist, a drop of water, can finish him. Well, if the universe should wipe him out, still man would be nobler than his destroyer, for while he knows his death as he dies, the universe is not even conscious of its triumph over him. All human dignity, then, lies in thought. . . . Let us try to think aright, for right thinking is the basis of morality.

This sense of personal independence—personal responsibility—was reflected in the independent national state. From the fifteenth century onwards, at least, Christendom was in liquidation and its former members began to claim that neither external ruler nor external rule should stand between them and their 'manifest destiny'. The old ideas of a universal order were put away.

The first result was to strengthen the grip of secular power. For the holder was at once a tribal chief, embodying his people's hopes and ambitions, and at the same time the only remaining representative of order in the new and pathless wilderness that they were to explore. Small wonder that this period of dissolution was the period of the extremest doctrines of political obedience. But it is strange to see how these doctrines were upheld by the teaching of those bold men who were working to create the Protestant and Reformed churches: none so absolute as they in civil matters, partly perhaps because they were so radical in religion. In was work enough to defy the lightning of Rome. Wycliffe, Luther, Tyndale—each of them can be drawn upon for the most positive instructions of non-resistance to the civil power. 'The King', said Tyndale—later to die bravely for his faith at Vilvords—is in this world without law and may at his lust do right or wrong and shall give account to God only'. 'The only right of the Christian', said Luther, 'is suffering and the Cross'. When the serfs in Suabia revolted, Luther replied to their appeal that their Lords had behaved like tyrants and would be judged by God, but they themselves had transgressed against God by their insurrection. This is to turn the doctrine of Divine Right upside down. And our own James I, who could always be trusted to say a silly thing in an arresting way, was there to do it. 'If there is an unjust royal command', he explained, 'the people may do no other than flee unresistingly from the anger of its King; its tears and sighs are the only answer to him allowed it, and it may summon none but God to its aid'.

The 'Mortal God'

There is no end to this sort of thing in the seventeenth century. I could match the divines from the philosophers and find in the greatest of them—Bacon, Descartes, Pascal, Spinoza—the same virtual worship of State power, 'that Mortal God', as Hobbes called it, 'to which we owe under the Immortal God our peace and defence'. I cannot explain it—this panic of the soul—for it seizes men who are capable of intrepid conduct as well as of audacity in thought. It seems to be a feeling that civil order is so overwhelming a good that civil obedience becomes the first and highest duty of man, no matter what private conscience or personal morality may say.

Wars of religion had ravaged western Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and men who had lived through those times had reason enough to put peace and order above every other value. That would account for the attitude of practical statesmen such as William Cecil in England and De l'Hospital in France: they had first to disarm the fanatic before their successors would have time even for toleration. But order for the sake of order is a sterile use of power: in the end it can never be adequate as a justification of the State's authority. Some deep internal sense of insecurity must have caught these philosophers and religious leaders of that day: for their concern should be with

* The third of seven broadcasts on 'Power and the State'

time and eternity, not with current politics. I have seen such a sense of insecurity at work in the world of our day, and it corrupts—though it corrupts subtly—both the rulers and the ruled. And whatever else it does, it elevates political power into a world of its own, in which the rules that govern conduct, if there are any, are not the human rules of right and wrong.

Machiavelli and the Hero-Prince

This is the real importance of Machiavelli. People speak of this devoted little Florentine as if his writings contained some dark scheme for debauching public morality. Nothing of the sort. He was an ardent Italian nationalist, sick at heart to see Italy destroyed by the intrigues of other countries, France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and by her own dissension. What he wanted above everything was to see Italy strong and united. To gain this there must arise some hero-prince, 'half-fox, half-lion', who would abjure the accepted rules of moral conduct for himself in order to win freedom for his people; for, says Machiavelli in his *Discourses*, 'Where the deliberation is wholly touching the safety of the fatherland there ought to be no consideration of just or unjust, pitiful or cruel, honourable or dishonourable, but rather, all other respect being laid aside, that course ought to be taken which may preserve the life and maintain the life and liberty thereof'. Very likely Machiavelli—who was not at all indifferent to private morality—thought that those who mixed themselves in these high politics would go to Hell for their pains, but he thought the sacrifice was called for to preserve the fatherland. In other words he wanted to do what Cavour succeeded in doing in the nineteenth century, and by methods not so dissimilar; but whereas Cavour was loudly applauded, because by that time the cause of nationalism had acquired a sanctity of its own, the name of Machiavelli remains as a byword for political cynicism.

In fact he was no cynic. But having—unlike most political schemers—made no secret of his purpose, he has done himself no good by the candour of his language. If you read *The Prince*—his manual for the private instruction of the saviour-to-be—you need strong nerves. 'It is necessary for a prince who desires to preserve himself to be able to make use of honesty or to lay it aside as need shall require'. 'It must be understood that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot observe all those things which are considered good in men, being often obliged, in order to maintain the State, to act against faith, against charity, against humanity, and against religion'. And, lastly, my two favourites: first: 'It cannot be called a virtue to kill one's fellow citizens, betray one's friends, be without faith, without pity and without religion'; and then: 'It is to be noted that in taking a State, the conqueror must arrange to commit all the cruelties at once, so as not to have to recur to them every day'. How candid and how modest all this is after the sanctimonious ideologies to which we are now asked to grow accustomed!

What is disconcerting about Machiavelli is that he cannot be dismissed as altogether in the wrong. Political power cannot be administered as if its actions were merely private dealings between one man and another. In that sense it is not bound by the same rules as those of personal morality: and, unless this is realised, altogether too little attention is paid to considering what is the special morality of power. From that, two reflections, before I pass on: one, that reinforces Plato's theme, no system can be so important as that which trains and secures the best of the corps of rulers; the other, other countries may have gone some way to solving what this country has hardly begun to admit. There is, for instance, the work of the Conseil d'Etat in France. There, in a country in which, traditionally, the acts of the Government and its servants are not subject to the same limitations of law as rule the private citizen, they have developed—not from outside, but within the Government itself—a judicial branch that prescribes for it its own rules of justice and fair dealing.

Put the theories of John Locke against this background. The social contract, natural rights, government by consent of the governed: they are all ideas—myths, if you like—which are launched as arguments against absolute power. Locke and Shaftesbury and their party turned them against James II primarily because he claimed that the King could govern without observing the laws of the kingdom and could even exempt his subjects from them.

As ideas they were quite familiar to the Middle Ages, who had used them, more wisely I think, as good arguments to confound an opponent, rather than as the ultimate revelation of truth. They make part of the armour of the oppressed against the oppressor. The supporters of the Empire had used them against the papacy, the papal reformers against

the Pope, the Jesuits of the Counter-Reformation against the new Protestant governments. But it was the peculiar achievement of the eighteenth century and of the school of Locke to make these ideas the theory of government itself.

To my mind they cannot take the strain. They are not enough to account for the demands that the State makes upon individuals or, for that matter, for the claims that they make upon it. It is a weakness at the heart of the liberal democratic State that its theory has always been so sober a thing, so much an affair of the counting-house and the shareholders' meeting. When a reckoning is made of its great successes—which may be quite short-lived in terms of history—a large share may be found to be due to a social tradition that is much older than the theory itself, that indeed persisted as a bond of society in spite of the prevailing theory and in opposition to it. But, discount them as you will, these arguments about men being subject only to such government as they consented to, and about their being bound to each other or to the State power by agreement and no more—these arguments suited their times, because they suited the energies and the opportunities of their day. The question is what value is left in them if the energies and the opportunities of another day may take a different course.

It may be useful to bring home to people that all societies hang together in reliance upon some conditions which they regard as the basis of civilised life, and that all power ought to be exercised so as to respect those conditions. But surely it is wildly unreal to pretend that the list of those conditions can be drawn up with any precision, or that they are settled by any process that is at all like a contract. Nowadays, at any rate, there is no voluntary agreement involved in being a citizen of a particular State. Virtually all its members belong to it because they were born in it, and long before they were old enough to make a mature decision they had become part of it by the force of family ties, associations, education: in short, men adopt the way of life of a society for almost any other reason than that of deliberate choice. And just because a man's relationship to his country is part of its history and his, the bonds that unite him to it, to its institutions and to his fellow-countrymen, are far stronger than the obligations of any contract. I cannot improve upon Edmund Burke's comment, when he says:

Society is indeed a contract . . . but the State ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest and dissolved at the fancy of the parties. . . . It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born.

Just so. But if the State does indeed serve purposes so elevated and so all-embracing, what becomes of the theory that it exists only to guarantee certain essential conditions for its members?

Difficulties of Definition

These conditions are, according to Locke, their 'natural rights'. As a general principle, natural rights do not, I think, get one very far. In its origin the idea is religious, and is, in effect, the faith that such conditions are things essential to the making of a human soul. But, as an idea, it has suffered somewhat from the fact that its development came in a period of rationalism. It does not rationalise easily. For one thing no one has ever succeeded in settling what these natural rights are. It is all very well for Locke to say that they are life, liberty, and property, but he was something of an innovator in introducing 'property'. To him it was equivalent to the fruits of a man's own labour, though his fellow-Whigs would hardly have been content with so nice a definition. He would have done better to follow Bodin, and to say with him that property is a natural right because the family is the essential unit of ordered society, and the family and private property are ideas inseparably connected. The American Declaration of Independence came out for 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness' as natural rights; the French Declaration of 1789, 'life, property, security, and resistance to oppression'. I could add longer and even vaguer combinations from other sources. I believe that one list included the National Debt as a natural right.

To cut it short, the list tends to vary with the outlook—or the literary power—of its makers, and, although such rights may be sacred, inalienable, or imperscriptible, as they have been variously called, it is a pity that it still remains so uncertain what in fact they are. It is not as if they could be put forward, either, as absolute rights. Only an anarchist could maintain that society may not in any circumstances

interfere with, say, a man's life, liberty, or property. What we quarrel about is the definition of the circumstances that justify such interference. Locke and his school treated this problem as virtually solved so long as you had government by consent and, as their assumptions still prevail in democratic countries, it is worth while to give them a glance.

Government by consent of the governed is a very important principle and it runs back to the beginnings of English history. To put it as it was put by Hooker, from whom Locke drew much of his argument, 'Laws they are not for the public approbation hath not made them so'. That was one of the constitutional functions that Parliament had acquired: to assent or to refuse consent to laws on behalf of the realm. Members of Parliament have been described as 'the King's Physicians . . . with whom he consults'. And, of course, you must have representatives for this purpose. They might be chosen or summoned as representative of the established interests of the country: we have come to a system in which they represent the population of a mere geographical division. But when the representative body advance from the work of themselves accepting or refusing to the work of making and unmaking the laws, displace the old monarchical power and become a sovereign in their own right, does not the theory of consent become a rather insubstantial support for the laws' claim to obedience? Obviously, millions of voters can be represented in Parliament only by a member whose political views are opposed to theirs; just as electors who favour the minority party can expect to see, mainly, only legislation to which they object.

I think that Locke takes the theory of consent much too lightly. The truth is that he was a leader of that school of sentimental English and American writers who speak of 'The People' as if it were a single person with one mind and one interest instead of a complex mass of individuals with different purposes and conflicting interests. To such thinkers the problem is easy: the representative body stands for The People and whatever it decides upon, even by a bare majority, is the Voice of the People. A business-like race, such as the English, gets so accustomed to accepting a majority vote that it sometimes forgets that the majority principle—though unavoidable for handling practical affairs of daily life—is not so obviously right as the only test, when it comes to deciding some great issue of social or constitutional policy. It is the weakness of Locke's theory that it raises only the feeblest of barriers to the power of Parliament itself. Apart from a passing compliment to the Law of Nature, which he calls an 'eternal rule' to all legislators, and some good practical advice about not making 'extempore arbitrary decrees' instead of standing laws, he really leaves Parliament in possession of the field. It is to be a master without constitutional limitations, for its purpose, he says, is that of 'achieving the public good'. After all, he reflects, if it betrays this trust and endeavours 'to invade the property of the subject and to make themselves, or any part of the community, masters or arbitrary disposers of the lives, liberties or fortunes of the people' (whatever all that means) the People can

always have a revolution! The Tsarist Government used to be spoken of as despotism tempered by assassination; similarly, it might be said that the classical Whig theory was one of parliamentary sovereignty tempered by revolution!

It is only fair to Locke to say that, writing at the end of the seventeenth century, he did not foresee the extent to which the closely organised political party or caucus would invalidate the theory of Parliament that he was so eloquently expounding. It is a very instructive piece of our political history to note how attitudes towards organised party have changed. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries organised party was not respectable: it was called faction. It was regarded as unfair to the process of parliamentary debate ('avoid faction', wrote Chatham's grandfather to his son, 'and never enter the House prepossessed: but attend diligently to the debate and vote according to your conscience'). Also it was thought to be faintly seditious, for the King was still very much in politics and the Government in power—his Ministers—had something of royalty about them. The seventeenth-century Marquis of Halifax, with whose writings I sometimes refresh myself, is particularly brisk at the expense of party. 'The best party', he says in his *Political Thoughts and Reflections*, 'is but a kind of conspiracy against the rest of the Nation. They put everybody else out of their Protection. Like the Jews to the Gentiles, all others are the offscourings of the World'.

Of course we have changed all that long since. With the middle of the nineteenth century the principle of the organised party in political life became accepted. Indeed it might be truer to say that it became the principle of political life. Few of those actively engaged in politics would accept that you could now conduct the business of Parliament without it. Perhaps a good deal turns upon the degree to which the organisation is carried: for, carried to its logical conclusion, Parliament is turned into the instrument of power instead of being its holder. But if the obligation of the man of politics is not to begin and end with the duty of playing for his side—and surely it must reach beyond that—there ought to be room on his bookshelves for the works of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax: Halifax, called the Trimmer, because he put the commonwealth above party. His own essay, *The Character of a Trimmer*, is not ashamed to claim his title. Not a romantic man, or a sentimental man, or a great partisan, or a great hater: but a brave, cool-headed, independent Englishman, who knew only one theme for eloquence:

Our Trimmer is far from idolatry in other things, in one thing only he cometh near it, his Country is in some degrees his Idol; he doth not worship the Sun, because 'tis not peculiar to us, it rambles about the world and is less kind to us than others; but for the Earth of England, tho' perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is Divinity in it and he would rather die than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser.

—Home Service

The Process of Evolution—VI

The Human Phase

By JULIAN HUXLEY

I CAN think of no other saying more pregnantly apt to the subject of this last lecture of mine than this of Walt Whitman's in his 'Song of the Open Road': 'All parts away for the progress of souls. . . . Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the Universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance'. It is couched in evolutionary terms; it is based on the postulate of progress; it brings out the value of symbols in supporting human effort; and above all it sets forth the soul, the individual personality at its highest and fullest, as the ultimate standard by which we must judge all other human achievements.

Medieval theology urged men to think of human life in the light of eternity—*sub specie aeternitatis*: I am attempting to re-think it *sub specie evolutionis*—in the light of evolution. I do this, I confess, in some trepidation: but the trepidation is balanced by confidence: I rely on the truth of the facts and ideas discovered by thousands on thousands of patient workers. What I can do is to suggest some necessary items for the agenda of the great discussion, in which we can all co-operate.

Psycho-social evolution—human history for short—operates by cultural transmission; and its units are communities based on different types of culture. I am neither an anthropologist nor a sociologist; so, luckily, you will not expect me to define terms like *culture* and *community* with any precision. I am a biologist, and as such I see human history as a recent and very special outgrowth of biological evolution. Without the biological background, it looks different. In particular, it looks different in the perspective of evolutionary time. To the historical specialist, the five or six thousand years of civilisation seem intolerably long. But this is a minute interval to the biologist. Man is very young: the human deployment is in an explosive and very early phase. Man is the result of two thousand million years of biological evolution: he has every prospect of an equal or even greater span of psycho-social evolution before him. The human species has many grave problems before it: but it has a great deal of time in which to work them out—there may be some comfort in that thought.

The biologist knows how fruitful has been the study of the mechan-

isms of genetic transmission for understanding the process of biological evolution. He can properly suggest to the humanist that a study of the mechanisms of cultural transmission will be equally fruitful for understanding the process of human history. Ideas, rituals, symbols, transmissible skills, beliefs, works of art—these seem to be the chief vehicles of this transmission. In addition to the self-reproduction and self-variation of material substance, in the shape of genes, we now have to consider the self-reproduction and self-variation of mental activities, operating through the various media of cultural inheritance. Our analysis of biological evolution as a process has brought out a number of important facts and ideas—improvement, finite steps of advance, deployment, and the rest. The biologist knows that they will not be directly applicable in detail to cultural evolution, but he can be sure that they have their human analogies, and that equally important ideas will emerge from the study of human history as an overall unitary process, ideas which will escape detection so long as history is treated merely as a record of separate sequences of events. The Marxists have tried to avoid any such parochialism, and to treat history as a general subject. Unfortunately they approach it from a too-limited outlook, and without taking into account the relevant analogies from evolutionary biology. Unesco is now embarking on the same task in a broader spirit: let us hope that their History of Mankind will be the first truly scientific and comprehensive account of psycho-social evolution as a process.

Three Stages

Now for some facts. Thanks to its new mechanism of operation, human deployment, since the time of the prehistoric cave-artists and before, differs in a very curious way from all other deployments throughout evolution. The single stock which has expanded in such a spectacular fashion has not broken up into separate species: the entire deployment takes place within the limits of one interbreeding group, without biological discontinuity. This was not always so. Let me remind you that, in the evolution of mammals, we could distinguish a group of pre-mammals as their reptilian forerunners; a group of proto-mammals as the not very successful, and of necessity transitional, first essays in mammalhood; and the full or true mammals, from which the new dominant deployment finally sprang. We can distinguish the same three stages in the physical evolution of man. First, the deployment of the pre-men. The original stock of pre-human apes differentiated into many species, all showing a trend towards what has been called hominisation—the acquisition of more human characters. The recently discovered remains of Australopithecine apes from South Africa represent, it appears, some of the later side-branches of this deployment.

Next came the proto-men—with their bigger brains, their wonderful discovery of fire, their new capacity to make tools and implements and clothing, and doubtless some kind of true speech and social ritual; but still a long way from any large-scale deployment. The broad picture of their history which emerges from modern discoveries is something like this. They flourished especially in the earlier part of the Pleistocene, though some of them lingered on till near the end of the period, and the group certainly originated well before its beginning. All of them are now extinct. They include the famous Peking man, and *Pithecanthropus* the Java ape-man, and the giant man from China, which are different enough from ourselves to be classed in different genera, and types such as Heidelberg and Neanderthal man, which are only distinct enough to be classified as different species. All of them seem to have been biologically discontinuous, like the separate species of the modern horse-family, though perhaps the discontinuity was not always quite complete: for instance, it is possible that Neanderthal man could still exchange genes with our own species. In any case, they constituted a typical divergent radiation.

And then we reach the fully human phase—man in the proper sense of the word. This was initiated, perhaps a quarter of a million years ago, with the evolution of our own species—*Homo sapiens* according to the rules of zoological nomenclature. This single group of individuals eventually gave rise to the whole of humanity, with its tribes and nations, its civilisations and empires. But it had to await its evolutionary opportunity. It dragged on as a numerically small group for perhaps nine-tenths of the time since its origin; and then, towards the very end of the last Ice Age, the human deployment really began, as a major process of expansion which turned man from an unimportant minor branch into a new dominant group. The expansion of the new type began in the orthodox way, by slow spatial spread over the continents, followed by physical divergence into subspecies, adapted to different climates and regions. These subspecies were markedly distinct—the prototypes of

the main races of man, black, yellow, and white; but they never diverged to complete discontinuity—they never went on to become fully separate species. Thanks to man's migratory urge and his psychological adaptability, divergence began to give place to convergence: the genes that had been separated out were brought together again by intercrossing, and the tendency towards discontinuity was reversed. The process of convergence was accentuated after the close of the Ice Age, by the recurrent migrations and irruptions of prehistoric and historic times. Though there are still barriers against so-called race crossing, the whole human deployment has become increasingly a single interbreeding unit, instead of an increasing number of non-interbreeding units.

The same process of divergence followed by convergence occurred on the cultural level. The tendency to sharp differentiation of cultures is a striking feature of human history. The ancient Mediterranean was a patchwork of contrasting cultures; Aztec culture was as different from European as a horse is from a dog; and studies like those of Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead demonstrate the radical difference between different kinds and levels of cultural organisation existing today. But the contrary tendency is equally striking: separation is offset by inter-communication and cultural interchange. The whole tendency of the past few centuries has been to intensify this trend. We can already see the inevitable outline of the future—the emergence of a single world community. Even the barriers to exchange that have recently been set up are symptoms of the trend, reactions against its force.

Cultural interchange does not necessarily result in cultural uniformity. The world community which we envisage and hope to bring to the birth is a variety-in-unity. In the useful phrase of the American writer, L. K. Frank, it involves an orchestration of cultures.

The process of human deployment is unique in this tendency to overcome divergence by convergent integration. It is also unique in another respect—the form of its curves of change. If you were to plot biological changes against evolutionary time on a graph, they would tend to fall along a series of straight lines (though with explosive beginnings and stable ends). But many of the changes of cultural evolution accelerate themselves; they curve upwards at a constantly increasing rate until they come up against some barrier. French scientists have coined the term *surexpansion*—superexpansion—to denote this process. This applies to the growth of human population as well as to cultural phenomena in the ordinary sense. Most educated people now know that the total number of human beings has increased more or less steadily from early prehistoric times to the present, and that each year more people are being added to the population than were added the year before (the present figure is about twenty-two millions). But very few, I believe, realise that the rate of increase has itself been steadily increasing. If you think of world population in terms of a sum of money increasing at compound interest, the interest rate itself has increased around twenty-fold—from, perhaps, one-half of one-tenth per cent. in the hunting phase at the close of the Ice Age, to close on one per cent. today. And there is no sign of its decrease in the near future. The result is that population is pressing increasingly hard on resources; and the further result is that, during the past few centuries, at least, world population as a whole has come to contain vast numbers of under-nourished and therefore sub-normally developed individuals. Human fertility is now the greatest long-term threat to human standards, spiritual as well as material.

Lessons of Biology

And there are standards in human evolution. One school of anthropologists is never tired of proclaiming the doctrines of cultural relativity—that different cultures are not higher nor lower, but merely adjusted in different ways. But this is to neglect the lessons of biology. To take an extreme example, no biologist doubts that the spiny anteater is a survivor of the primitive proto-mammalian type, although we can be sure that none of the original proto-mammals had long prickly spines and a specialised ant-eating mouth and tongue. In the same way, I should say there can be no doubt that the social and cultural organisation of the Australian black-fellows is a survival of a very low and primitive type of culture, even though some features of it, like the intricate details of its totems and its marriage system, are clearly a recent specialisation.

As with animal types, in fact, so with cultures; advance is a more important criterion than mere survival. A progressive culture is one which contains the seeds of its own further transformation, and cultures which are not in some way related to the general trends of the human process may be a drag on the advance of humanity as a whole, and may

have to be preserved as living fossils if they are to be saved from extinction. So too with morality, our beliefs about right and wrong. Certainly morality is always relative, but its ultimate relationship is to our beliefs about human destiny as a whole. As with biological evolution, we need to look at the mechanism and process of cultural evolution in the broadest possible way, for only so will its general features emerge clearly from the welter of facts.

One generality is that psycho-social evolution, like biological evolution, goes in a series of well-marked steps. Another is that in all stages of cultural organisation, mental and material factors are interrelated, and both sets of factors are operative. It is clear that the change-over from an agricultural to an industrial system was a decisive step in human affairs; but so was the passage from a belief in magic and witchcraft to the scientific approach. In actual practice, there is often a time-lag between the two kinds of factors. Beliefs may persist as effective social agencies long after the economic conditions to which they were originally related have passed away, as with the Divine Right of Kings. And material and social conditions may prove resistant to the best of ideas over centuries of time: the Christian idea of the essential equality of all men could not exert its full effect before new systems of production permitted the abolition of slavery and serfdom.

Community's Beliefs as Influences on History

The dominant beliefs of a community may have decisive effects on the lives of its members or on its own development. Thus the erroneous belief that death is never natural but is always attributable to some kind of witchcraft has led to the witch-smelling ordeals of Africa and has resulted in suffering or death for countless thousands of her people. The ancient Egyptians believed that kings and important personages could be made to live on in an after-life, but that their continued survival there could only be ensured by continuing to provide them with real or symbolic nourishment. This belief eventually changed the economic life of the country, by transferring an increasing proportion of the land from more efficient exploitation under the kings to less efficient exploitation by colleges of priests.

It is easy enough to make broad statements about the steps of advance which have transformed the quality of human life and experience. We have the technical steps—the step from food-gathering to hunting; the domestication of animals and plants; the invention of the wheel and of building in stone; the development of urban life; the invention first of writing, then of alphabetic writing; and so on to the familiar triumphs of modern applied science. We also have the steps in the organisation of thought and creative expression; the passage from thinking exclusively in terms of magic to thinking also in terms of gods; the origin of philosophy from mythology and of drama from ritual; the pursuit of learning for its own sake; the rise of the scientific method of enquiry. That, I repeat, is all too easy. What is difficult is to discover just how any one step is effected, still more to distinguish desirable from undesirable change, and restrictive from non-restrictive improvement.

That is the job of the science of man. Perhaps, I should say, the job of the human sciences, from psychology to history, from ethnology to economics, for there is as yet no single science of man, in the sense of an organised branch of enquiry with a common body of postulates and ideas. It is, I think, fair to say that the human sciences today are somewhat in the position occupied by the biological sciences in the early 1800s; they are rapidly exploring different sectors of their field, but still looking for a central core of general principles. One idea which came into my mind during the preparation of this lecture was that, in the human phase of evolution, the struggle for existence has been largely superseded, as an operative force, by the struggle for fulfilment. It is the combination of these two terms which seems to me important. Human life is a struggle—against frustration, ignorance, suffering, evil, the maddening inertia of things in general; but it is also a struggle for something, and for something which our experience tells us can be achieved in some measure, even if we personally find ourselves debarred from any measure that seems just or reasonable. And fulfilment seems to describe better than any other single word the positive side of human development and human evolution—the realisation of inherent capacities by the individual and new possibilities by the race; the satisfaction of needs, spiritual as well as material; the emergence of new qualities of experience to be enjoyed; the building of personalities. But it cannot be achieved without struggle, not merely struggle with external obstacles, but with the enemies within our own selves.

There is also a struggle with the new problems that the process of change is always throwing up. To quote Whitman once more: 'It is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary'. But the obverse of struggle is satisfaction; and satisfaction in the free enjoyment of one's own capacities is another essential thread in human life. Of course, not all fulfilment or all enjoyment is good or right, any more than all biological improvement is progressive. It is the business of moral systems to make such evaluations. But something of their goodness or rightness emerges when they are considered in conjunction with another key idea, that of participation.

The idea of participation in a common task, as against competition for slices in a limited cake, has already become widely current. We are getting accustomed to the idea of the participation of different nations in common jobs like defence, or the exploitation of natural resources, or the raising of the general standard of life. The idea can readily be given greater force and greater range by extending it to mean participation in the overall adventure of evolution. It then applies as much to realisation of possibilities by the single individual as to human destiny as a whole. Other key ideas which emerged from our study of biological evolution were *flexibility* and *integration*. They are, I maintain, of general application in every aspect of human life, from personality to social structure.

Keeping these key ideas at the back of my mind, I shall devote the rest of my time to a few aspects of the human phase of evolution. The aspects I should choose as most important are as follows: the importance of knowledge and the organisation of knowledge in the process of psycho-social transformation; the principle of limited but increasing certitude, as illustrated by scientific method; the ultimate wrongness of absolutism, in ideas as well as politics; the primacy of the human individual; and the need to keep human development open for the realisation of new possibilities. These are all interconnected, each in a two-way relation with all the others, and it is impossible to present them briefly as part of a single sequence of argument. So I am reduced merely to outlining my themes as part of a total pattern of approach, trusting to my listeners to fill in the logical gaps.

A first principle, it seems to me, is one which has come up again and again during these lectures—the fact that progressive evolution involves the realisation of new possibilities, but that this only occurs to the accompaniment of imperfections of every kind. This realisation of new possibilities has continued during human evolution, though to the accompaniment of appalling suffering and frustration. As with biological evolution, the immediate view reveals only the struggle and the imperfections, and the short-term view mainly the dead ends and the failures: but once you look at the process as a whole, a general direction becomes apparent. So we must believe in our own possibilities, both individually and collectively, while at the same time accepting our limitations. Our practical job is to keep human development open, to see how much fulfilment is possible, and how to reduce the amount of frustration.

Primacy of Human Personality

A second major concept is the primacy of the human individual, or, to use a better term, the primacy of personality. This primacy of human personality has been, in different ways, a *postulate* both of Christianity and of liberal democracy: but it is a *fact* of evolution. By whatever objective standard we choose to take, properly developed human personalities are the highest products of evolution; they have greater capacities and have reached a higher level of organisation than any other parts of the world substance.

Both of these ideas, in one form or another, have played important roles in history. The combination of the two in a broad evolutionary approach leads to a further thesis, that the nearest to an ultimate that we can discern in human life is not an absolute, but a trend—the trend towards greater realisation of possibilities by means of the co-operation of integrated individual personalities. That sounds rather a mouthful; but once our minds have digested it, a great deal else falls into place. First of all, it clarifies the relations between the individual and society. Society is seen as existing for the individual, not vice versa. Social and cultural organisations, including the State, are necessary as instruments of order and vehicles of transmission and continuity in human life, but their most significant function is to provide means whereby more of its members enjoy richer fulfilment. If a society

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NEWS DIARY

November 14-20

Wednesday, November 14

Egyptian Prime Minister leads big nationalist demonstration through Cairo

Fifteen persons killed by Communist terrorists in Malaya

General Bradley, Chairman of U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, sees Mr. Churchill and British Service Chiefs

Thursday, November 15

Mr. Eden makes statement in House of Commons about the Sudan. King Farouk reaffirms Egyptian policy in opening new session of Parliament in Cairo

Bill to re-establish Home Guard published

Yugoslav delegate attacks Soviet Russia in U.N. General Assembly

Friday, November 16

Mr. Vyshinsky puts further disarmament proposals before U.N. General Assembly. Egyptian Foreign Minister maintains that British actions in the Suez Canal zone are a breach of international peace

Yorkshire Electricity Board fined £20,000 and Chairman sent to prison for six months for overspending on building work

Saturday, November 17

U.N. delegates on Korean truce sub-committee accept Communist proposal to fix cease-fire line along the present battle line provided a full armistice agreement is signed within thirty days

Secretary-General of United Nations supports Egyptian proposal for plebiscite to decide future of the Sudan

Ministry of Agriculture publishes statement on outbreak of foot and mouth disease

Sunday, November 18

Five Britons killed in gun fight in Ismailia

Floods rise in many parts of Italy. Roads flooded in southern England

Monday, November 19

Three Western Powers present proposals for disarmament to U.N. General Assembly

House of Commons begins two-day debate on foreign affairs

Members of Fire Brigades Union demonstrate for higher pay

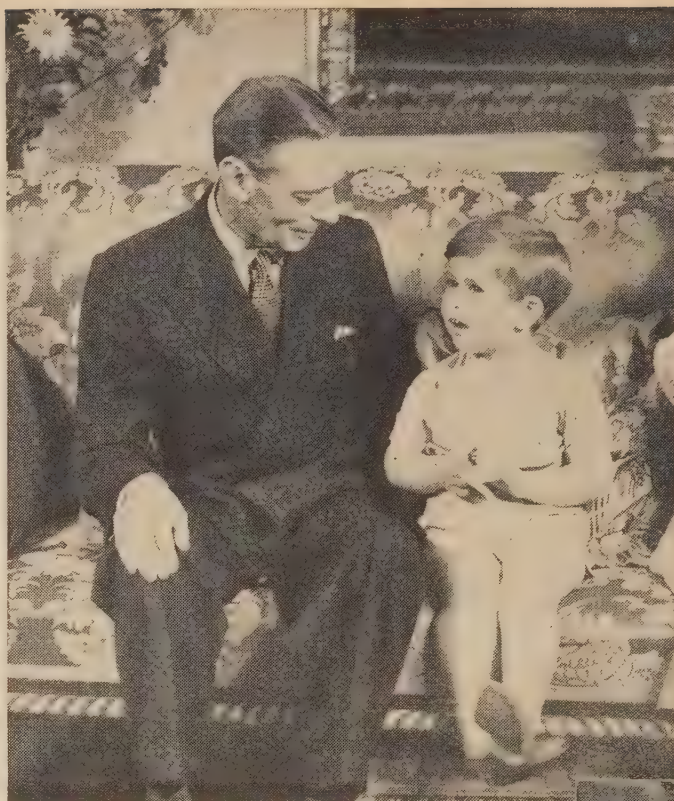
Princess Elizabeth drives to Guildhall to receive address of welcome

Tuesday, November 20

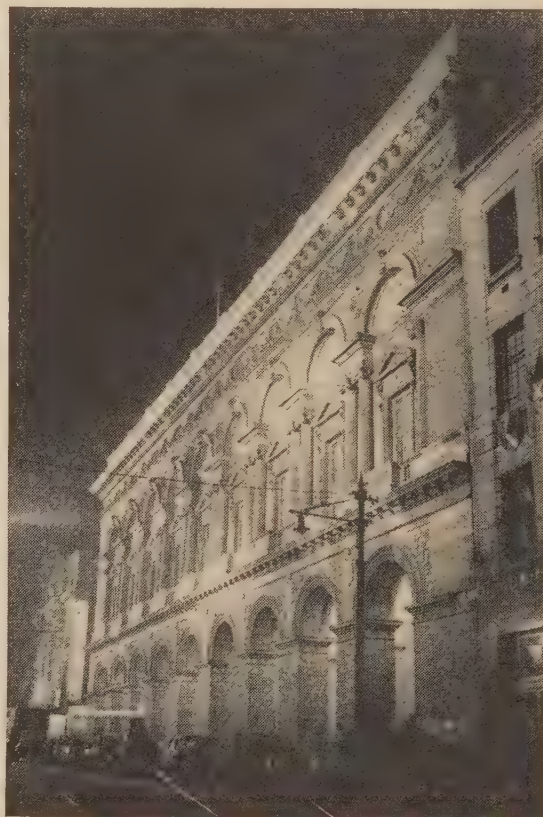
Evacuation of civilians from Ismailia and Canal zone begins

General Ridgway publishes statement about Communist atrocities in Korea

Prime Minister answers questions in Commons about proposed secret session on defence



H.M. the King and Prince Charles. A photograph taken at Buckingham Palace to mark the third birthday of Prince Charles on November 14. This is the first photograph of the King since his operation



The rebuilt Free Trade Hall, Manchester, which was opened by H.M. the Queen on November 16. The original Hall was destroyed by bombs in the war



Scene of the Korean armistice talks at Panmunjom is seen, right background. On November 19 the Commission was given more time to study the United Nations' latest counter-proposal



Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh being welcomed by the Queen, Princess Margaret and Prince Charles at Euston Station on Saturday, on Their Royal Highnesses' return from their Canadian tour. Left: Their Royal Highnesses driving to Guildhall on November 19 to receive an address of welcome



A photograph taken in Cairo on November 14 during a nationalist demonstration led by the Egyptian Prime Minister and members of his Cabinet. About 100,000 demonstrators, carrying anti-British banners, marched through the streets to the square in front of the royal palace. In Ismailia last weekend five Britons were killed in clashes with Egyptian police who, General Erskine reported, lost their heads and 'fired indiscriminately at anybody and everybody, including each other'



Torrential rains have caused the most serious floods in northern Italy for over ten years. This photograph was taken last week in St. Mark's Square, Venice. In the Po Valley, where the river last week rose to its highest level for a century, thousands of people have been rendered homeless, and many have lost their lives



The national ploughing match of the British Ploughing Association was held at Newton Kyme, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, on November 14. W. Hawke of St. Columb, Cornwall, cutting the furrow that won him the tractor-ploughing championship

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permits large numbers of its citizens to grow up without the means of enjoying beauty, or of developing their minds, it is not performing its functions adequately.

Next point: the individual has duties not only to society but to himself—or perhaps I should say to the possibilities that are in him. It is true that one aspect of his fulfilment lies in working for others; but another aspect consists in his enjoyments and the free exercise of his capacities. For after all, it is only through human individuals that the evolutionary process reaches its highest and most varied achievements. Each time you enjoy a sunset or a symphony, each time you understand an interesting fact or idea, each time you find satisfaction in making something, or in disciplined activity like sport, evolution has brought another of its possibilities to fruition.

Of course, the possibilities of man's inner life are as important as those of his active existence. The achievement of inner harmony in the building up of the personality is as important as was the development of self-regulating mechanisms in the evolution of the animal body.

Morality of Evolutionary Direction

This leads on to the subject of morality. Morality in the usual sense of the word is concerned with something outside the self—the individual's relations with others, with God, with society as a whole. But this needs relating with a morality concerned with the self—the rightness of free creative activity, of personal fulfilment. Psychiatrists like the American Erich Fromm have developed this idea in a very interesting way. And finally, for the evolutionary biologist, both must be related with a third sort of morality—the rightness or wrongness of the relation between man and his future. From this angle, anything which permits or promotes open development is right, anything which restricts or frustrates development is wrong. It is a morality of evolutionary direction. Here again, the Americans seem to be doing more than anyone else to explore the subject—I think of philosophers such as Charles Morris, with his book *The Open Self*.

Now I must pass to another of my main themes. Since man's evolution operates via his pooled experience, it is clear that the acquisition and the organisation of knowledge are essential factors in the process. During the past three centuries a new general method of acquiring and organising knowledge has been invented, or perhaps we had better say perfected—what is usually called the scientific method; and this, wherever it has been fully applied, has proved its superiority over all other methods. It operates on what we may call the principle of limited but increasing certitude, always ready to test its conclusions against experience by way of observation or experiment, but able in large measure to take effective action and to proceed to new subjects of enquiry on the basis of the facts and ideas already established. It thus combines flexibility with assurance in a unique way.

In scientific enquiry, different detailed methods are required for different subject-fields—those of physics and chemistry are inadequate to explore the fields of psychology and animal behaviour. For a long time there was resistance to applying scientific method to the study of man. Now that a beginning has been made in the field of human affairs, we are finding out how much more complex this is than any other, and are having to work out all kinds of new methods for dealing with it; but there is no reason to doubt the eventual efficacy of the scientific principle of limited but increasing certitude in this field any more than in any other. In any case, we have to make the attempt. It is an essential method for keeping the process of understanding the world an open one, without restrictions on its growth.

This leads to my next point—the intrinsic wrongness of absolutism. It is generally accepted in the western world that political absolutism—totalitarian government—is inherently bad, because it degrades the individual from the dignity of a free agent to the position of a slave, and substitutes commands and force for willing co-operation. It is bad because it considers individuals only as the means to an end, never as ends in themselves. But it is also bad because of its effects on knowledge. One way in which absolute power corrupts is this—the more absolute it is, the more it tends to invade freedom of thought and enquiry, and, indeed, the freedom of art and literature as well; we have only to remind ourselves of what happened in Nazi Germany, and what has been happening in the U.S.S.R. during the past twenty years. And freedom of thought and enquiry and creative expression are necessary pre-requisites for anything that we can consider as a full human life or as a social advance.

To me, as an evolutionary biologist, the handling of the Lysenko

controversy in the U.S.S.R. has been inherently wrong. This is not merely because the Lysenkoist views are scientifically untenable, and yet are being shielded from the free scientific criticism they would receive elsewhere; not merely because the upshot has been that the promising unity of world science has been disrupted; but because a political party has imposed its own dogmatic view of what must be correct and incorrect, and so violated the essential spirit of science.

In the same sort of way, I cannot help regarding official Catholic pronouncements on birth control and sex relations as inherently wrong. They are wrong because population increase is, together with war, the greatest present threat to civilisation and progress; because, in so far as they are implemented in practice, they mean frustration and misery and ill-health and ignorance, not for millions but for thousands of millions of human souls; and because they would result in general failure to realise higher possibilities for mankind as a whole. But to me they are also wrong because they are asserted absolutely and dogmatically, instead of being conclusions arrived at by free enquiry as to what is best to do in particular circumstances. That the subject can be fruitfully approached in this way is shown by the recent Royal Commission on Population and the studies made by the Church of England.

One obvious task for the free world to undertake is the scientific exploration of human possibilities. This has of course begun—to take but two examples, in the study of educational methods and of psychological capacities. But it has not yet been undertaken scientifically and systematically, from the point of view of exploring possibilities in general rather than establishing a number of isolated facts and conclusions. Immense opportunities are open. Thus, wrong methods of teaching may result in boredom and frustration and general distrust of one's own capacities. But right methods, as the studies of Piaget have shown even for the teaching of mathematics, show how education can be increasingly turned into a process of self-fulfilment. The mass of data gathered from children's art shows what important possibilities of self-realisation are here available, and also shows how they are being neglected in all but a tiny fraction of developing human beings. The greatest opportunities, however, would seem to lie in applying scientific method to the exploration of man's inner life. The experiences of the mystics of all creeds and of the practitioners of Yoga prove what transcendent states of inner peace and unity of spirit the human personality is capable of. The systematic study of these possibilities of spiritual development would hold out the hope of devising techniques for making them more generally attainable.

But we must have a realistic background for all such explorations. We must face the fact that now, in this year of grace 1951, the great majority of human beings are sub-standard: they are under-nourished, or ill, or condemned to a ceaseless struggle for bare existence; they are imprisoned in ignorance or superstition. Here the possibilities are obvious enough, but they have not been realised in practice. This is the great reproach on the world's conscience. But once the terrible fact is properly grasped, it can become an incentive. We must see to it that life is no longer a hell paved with unrealised opportunity. The further fact that vast fields of possibility still remain unexplored adds inspiration and hope to incentive and duty. In this light the highest and most sacred duty of man is seen as the proper utilisation of the untapped resources of human beings.

Towards a New Religion?

I find myself inevitably driven to use the language of religion. For the fact is that all this does add up to something in the nature of a religion: perhaps one might call it Evolutionary Humanism. The word 'religion' is often used restrictively to mean belief in gods; but I am not using it in this sense—I certainly do not want to see man erected into the position of a god, as happened with many individual human beings in the past and is happening still today. I am using it in a broader sense, to denote an over-all relation between man and his destiny, and one involving his deepest feelings, including his sense of what is sacred. In this broad sense, evolutionary humanism, it seems to me, is capable of becoming the germ of a new religion, not necessarily supplanting existing religions but supplementing them. It remains to see how this germ could be developed—to work out its intellectual framework, to see how its ideas could be made inspiring, to ensure their wide diffusion. Above all, it would be necessary to justify ideas by facts—to find the areas of frustration and point out where they were being reduced; to show how research into human possibilities was providing new incentives for their realisation, as well as demonstrating the means for realising them.

You may have been surprised that I have not mentioned eugenic possibilities: and indeed I must say a word about them. In the human phase, the biological mechanisms of evolution—physical heredity and natural selection—are now subsidiary to the psycho-social ones. Though undoubtedly man's genetic nature changed a great deal during the long proto-human stage, there is no evidence that it has been in any way improved since the time of the Aurignacian cave-men. What has been improved since then are the tools of action and thought and the ways of accumulating and utilising experience: and these improvements have had truly prodigious results in a very brief period of time. Indeed, during this period it is probable that man's genetic nature has degenerated and is still doing so. In general, the more elaborate social life is, the more it tends to shield individuals from the action of natural selection; and when this occurs, as we have already seen, harmful mutations accumulate instead of being weeded out. As a result of this process, there can be no reasonable doubt that the human species today is burdened with many more deleterious mutant genes than can possibly exist in any species of wild creature.

There is also the fact that modern industrial civilisation favours the differential decrease of the genes concerned with intelligence. It seems now to be established that, both in communist Russia and in most capitalist countries, people with higher intelligence have, on the average, a lower reproductive rate than the less intelligent; and that some of this difference is genetically determined. The genetic differences are slight, but as I pointed out in my second lecture, such slight differences speedily multiply to produce large effects. If this process were to continue, the results would be extremely grave. Society needs more intelligent people for the more difficult jobs, and we certainly ought to see what could be done to reverse the trend.

But eugenics is not merely a matter of stopping deterioration; it can also be aimed at securing further improvement. After all, we know that artificial selection can be much more effective and can get results much more quickly than natural selection. By artificial selection, man has pushed both the speed and the strength of horses well beyond the point that nature was able to reach, and he was able to do so in a paltry ten thousand years or less. On theoretical grounds, we could certainly breed up a number of specialised human types if we set our minds to it. But if the general argument of these lectures is sound, we cannot think along these lines. The essence of man's success as an organism is that he has not evolved as a set of separate specialised types, but has kept all his genes in a common inter-breeding pool, and he cannot afford to break up this genetic continuity. However, that does not preclude the possibility of a general improvement. Eugenics for general improvement does not mean trusting the State or any other authority with some arbitrary power for deciding what are good and what are bad hereditary qualities. There is really no difficulty in agreeing that certain hereditary characteristics are generally desirable—

greater physical vigour, less liability to specific defects and diseases, greater general intelligence, various special aptitudes. If we could raise the average of these characteristics by even five or ten per cent., an almost incalculable burden of suffering and frustration would be lifted from human shoulders, and an enormous field of opportunity would be opened up.

What is more, the geneticist knows that with appropriate methods, such a result could be achieved over a measurable series of generations. Admittedly, this could not happen without somewhat radical changes in customs and laws and outlook; but this does not mean that it is impossible. Once the fact is grasped that we men are the agents of further evolution, and that there can be no action higher or more noble than raising the inherent possibilities of life, ways and means will somehow be found for overcoming any resistances that stand in the way of that realisation. At the moment, large-scale eugenics is outside the range of practical possibility; but already, on the basis of our present knowledge, the eugenic idea can become an incentive and a hope.

What I have aimed at in these lectures has been to give you some sort of map of the evolutionary process as a whole. This was probably an impossible task, and I have certainly found it a very difficult one to execute to my own satisfaction. I have had to leave out such an enormous amount of evidence, and to skip so much of the analysis and the argument. That does not matter if I have given you some feeling of the unity and sweep of the process, some sense of its broad trends, some understanding of the general forces at work in it: above all, if I have helped to give you some insight into its nature as a self-transforming process, constantly generating new patterns and novel qualities, building its future by transcending its past.

In the long run, our actions are related to our overall picture, our map of reality. Any picture which leaves out the facts of evolution will be an incomplete and untrue picture, and will, sooner or later, lead us astray in our actions. Even an insect like a bee has to build up a three-dimensional map of the country round its hive to find its way about. It is in relation to the total picture of its surroundings that it steers itself in space. But man's surroundings are enormously larger, and in them he has to steer himself in time as well as in space. That is why his map must be a four-dimensional one. A three-dimensional map will help him to determine his position and chart his direction, but a four-dimensional one will also help him in choosing his destination.

But enough of cartographical metaphors. Human history and human destiny are part of a larger process. Only by getting some overall view of reality, in its dual aspect of self-transforming pattern and continuing process, can man hope to get a clearer view of his place—his unique place—in the process, and steer a better course into the future. This is my firm conviction, and if I have succeeded in any degree in persuading you of its validity, I shall be content.

—Third Programme

A Settlement with Russia?

Can We 'Live and Let Live'?

ARNOLD TOYNBEE concludes the series

CAN our western world and the communist world live at peace with each other side by side? Is their peaceful coexistence something desirable from our western point of view? And, if we come to the conclusion that it is desirable, as well as possible, for these two worlds to put up with one another's presence on the face of the same planet, on what terms can we look forward to seeing them live and let live?

I suppose, among all current questions, these three are about the most highly controversial ones that anybody could pick out for discussion. The most that any of us can do is to say what he personally expects and personally hopes. I am going to start with a commonplace which, I believe, is very much to the point. After any great event—whether it is some experience in our private lives or a public event like a great war—one becomes alive, as one looks back on it, to the mistakes that one has made in trying to cope with it, and one says to oneself: 'Now, if anything like that ever happens to me again, there is one thing that I will make sure of. Whatever I do about it this next time, I will take care not to repeat that awful mistake I made

last time'. This good resolution is a natural one as well as a sensible one; but there is a catch in it; for, unfortunately, in human life, last time's big mistake is, after all, only one out of a thousand possible mistakes that are lying in wait for us each time the crisis recurs. While keeping one's eye on a particular mistake that one happens to have made last time, it is important also to be on the look out not to fall into next time's different big mistake; for the chances may be a thousand to one against the possibility that history may exactly repeat itself.

Let me illustrate what I mean. After the first world war, the western peoples had on their consciences a feeling that that war might perhaps have been avoided if, when it was looming up, we had all shown a bit more wisdom, more forbearance, more generosity, more readiness for renunciation. So we tried all this in the nineteen-thirties and had the disillusioning experience of finding that appeasement, too, was of no avail for saving us from a repetition of the catastrophe. National Socialist Germany had made up her mind to fight a war of revenge in any case. The captured German official documents

have now revealed to us, after the event, just how cold-bloodedly implacable Hitler's determination to have another war really was. So now we are perhaps inclined to say to ourselves: 'Well, we have learnt that lesson anyway, and we shall take care not to repeat the foolish mistake that we made with Nazi Germany now that we are faced with a threat of aggression from Communist Russia. Appeasement did not save us from the second world war; so far from that, it only made the second world war a certainty. So this time, now that we have to deal with Russia, let us make up our minds to it that we are in for a third world war. We cannot stop Stalin from bringing that catastrophe upon us, any more than we were able to stop Hitler. What we can do is to take care to neglect no precautions or preparations and to stand no nonsense'.

Russian Expansion Yesterday and Today

I suppose one of the few points on which all of us in the west are in agreement with each other today is just this point that we must be firm, that we must rearm, that we must be vigilantly on our guard. But it does not follow from any of this that we must resign ourselves to the prospect of a third world war as being something inevitable. As I see it, it is just as important for us now to keep on reminding ourselves that a third world war is really not inevitable, as it is important for us now to be firm and energetic and on the watch.

In saying this, I have another historical precedent in mind. I am thinking of the history of Anglo-Russian relations during the thirty years 1856-1885. In the Crimean war the Western Powers had foiled an attempt of Russia's to put Turkey in her pocket. They had inflicted on Russia a humiliating defeat which the Russians naturally wanted to reverse, as the Germans, after 1918, wanted to reverse their defeat in the first world war. So, like Germany in the nineteen-thirties, Russia in the eighteen-sixties began to expand eastwards overland, in a quarter where the British Navy could not operate; and this expansion of Russia's in Asia in the nineteenth century, like her present expansion, was taken very hard in the liberal western world. At least twice within the thirty years ending in 1885, Great Britain found herself on the verge of going to war with Russia again. The first occasion was in 1878, when Russia had fought another war with Turkey and had beaten Turkey to its knees. The second occasion was in 1885, when the Russian advance in Central Asia reached the north-western frontiers of Afghanistan. At these two dates, at least, another Anglo-Russian war seemed inevitable. And then, after all, it did not happen this time. After reaching a final peak of intensity in 1885, the long-drawn-out nineteenth-century tension between Britain and Russia began to relax. Within twenty-two years the two powers had entered into an *entente* with each other in face of a new menace to both of them from Germany. And between 1907 and now they have twice been allies in a world war, first in 1914-1917 and then for a second time in 1941-1945.

My point in bringing up these episodes of past history is this. It is possible that our present tension with Russia may end in another war, as our tension with Germany after the first war ended in a second world war. It is also possible that our present tension with Russia may end in a relaxation of the tension, as after the Crimean war it eventually relaxed without ending in another war between the two powers. At the present moment it is impossible for us to foresee in which of these two possible alternative ways the present tension between the western world and Russia is going to end. We must be prepared for the less happy as well as for the more happy possibility; but we must surely be prepared for both possibilities. In facing the possibility of another 1939, we must not lose sight of the possibility of another 1885.

But is it possible for a democratic free western world and a communist totalitarian Russia to live and let live on the face of a planet that has now become physically 'one world' as a result of 'the annihilation of distance' by new-fangled methods of mechanical transport? This is possible, as I see it. I see this possibility in the light of another historical precedent. I am thinking of the one world, stretching from Britain to India, which was called into existence by the expansion of the ancient Greek civilisation in and after the time of Alexander the Great. For about seven centuries, running from the last century B.C. to the seventh century of the Christian Era, that Ancient World was partitioned between a western and an eastern power: the Roman empire in the west and a rival oriental empire in Persia. It is true that Rome and her Iranian rivals did go to war with one another from time to time; but the point is that each of them soon discovered that it was beyond its strength to conquer, subjugate, and annex the other.

Each of them did make the attempt, only to find that it must give it up because the effort was straining its own resources to breaking point. So these two ancient powers resigned themselves to the necessity of their coexisting, and they did go on living in one world side by side for very nearly 700 years. When they fell into a life-and-death struggle with one another at last, they had to pay for this mistake, cash down, by both immediately succumbing to a common new enemy: the Saracens. Why should it not be possible, in our modern one world, for the west and Russia to repeat that episode of ancient history?

But, granting for the moment that this may be possible, do we want to see it happen? As I see it, the peaceful coexistence of our western civilisation and a Russian communist society is not merely possible: it is also highly desirable. I will give you what seem to me to be two good reasons—one negative reason and one positive one—for this personal conviction of mine.

My negative reason is my belief that a third world war fought with atomic weapons would plunge our planet into a chaos which would be beyond even America's power to bring into order again. I am assuming that America would win a third world war hands down; and I will also make the further assumption that the United States would come out of such a war without grave damage to herself (though I find few Americans so optimistic as that about their country's prospects of coming through unscathed). But I take it for granted that, at the end of a third world war in which Russia had been knocked out by America, the whole of the old world would have been laid flat—not only Russia, but Europe, Asia, and Africa as well. And would even an undamaged United States have the strength, by herself, to set the whole of the rest of the world on its feet again?

My positive reason for thinking a third world war undesirable is that, even if that fearful world-wide destruction could eventually be repaired by a victorious United States, it would not, as I see it, be healthy for the world, or healthy for America herself, for there to be only one sole surviving power in the world. In order to keep morally fit, human nature needs to be exercised and kept in training by some devil or other; and our western world today is having this indispensable, though very disagreeable, service performed for her by Russia. The other way round, too, if we can submit with a good grace to the practical joke of seeing ourselves for a moment as Russian eyes see us: I fancy that the capitalist world, dressed up in horns, hooves, forked tail and the devil's other stage properties, is a boggy that communist Russia needs just as much as a democratic west needs the boggy of Russian totalitarianism to keep her up to the mark. In fact, neither of these two incongruous neighbours would find it easy to keep in good health if the other were entirely eliminated.

'The Other Party's Devil'

'But what kind of *modus vivendi* can you imagine?' you may ask me. As I see it, I cannot imagine any formal agreement between us to behave to each other as good neighbours; but I can imagine an unspoken determination on either side not to fall into a shooting war with the other party—though the kind of peaceful coexistence that consists merely in the avoidance of a shooting war between the principal parties may well prove to be a state of extremely painful stress, anxiety, and discomfort. There might be other local shooting wars like the war in Korea. And I personally feel sure that, even if we manage to avoid dropping atom bombs on each other, we shall continue to wage our present missionary war—I mean, the competitive propaganda of our rival ideas and ideals. This, I fancy, will go on until Asia becomes formidable enough to the rest of us to make the English-speaking peoples begin to look upon Russia as 'the White Man's hope'; and, even if that eventually happens, we shall then merely be exchanging a Russian peril for an Asian one, as we have exchanged a Russian peril for a German one, and then a German peril for a Russian one.

You will see that I am not doing you the disservice of prophesying to you smooth things. I am prophesying a continuance of toil and trouble for as long as we can peer ahead into our future; and, as I see it, this prophecy is a safe one to make; for I personally agree with Eliphaz the Temanite's view that 'Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward'. Indeed I will go farther than Eliphaz goes in the Book of Job. I will put it to you that, if ever man does manage to elude trouble, he merely brings trouble on himself, because trouble, after all, is the necessary salt of life without which life loses its savour. So perhaps the unwritten condition on which we and the Russians are going to coexist is that each party shall go on serving as the other party's devil.

—European Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Yugoslavia

Sir,—May a traveller who spent two months in Yugoslavia a year ago comment on the two articles by Miss Honor Tracy in THE LISTENER of November 1 and 8? Leaving behind her with regret the charm of Vienna, she was startled by her first sight of the backwardness of the Balkans. If she had been able to study Tito's work with some background of memory her attitude might have been more friendly. I first made that journey from Vienna to Belgrade in 1903. I saw last year the same depressing sights that Miss Tracy describes and I, too, heard much grumbling. In articles in another weekly I criticised the folly of some of the tactics used by the Government against the well-to-do, individualistic farmers. These mistakes were, however, frankly recognised and corrected more than a year ago. I, too, deplore the lack of civil liberties; but there has been some progress towards free speech, while several of the younger men of the ruling party are working hopefully for the reform of legal procedure. What Miss Tracy forgets is that Tito's Partisans had to overcome not only the Nazis but a savage organisation of native Fascists also, while today their regime is blockaded on four frontiers by Stalin's satellites and undermined by his Fifth Column.

In spite of much that went wrong, what struck me as new and hopeful was that for the first time in half a century I found in this backward country a government striving with courage to transform its social and economic life. Miss Tracy, after a contemptuous description of Serbia, spoke of the even 'lower levels' and 'more dreary deserts' of Macedonia. I, on the contrary, was startled by the immense work of construction accomplished there. I knew Macedonia when it was a seething caldron of racial strife and revolt under the Turks, and later as a neglected province of the monarchy, run for Serbia by Serbs. Today, for the first time, Macedonians govern themselves and use their own language freely, while the minorities, notably the Albanians and Turks, are loyal, contented, and proud of their recent progress. Under the monarchy eighty per cent. of the Macedonians were illiterate and there was one doctor for every 12,000 of the population. With help from the less impoverished Republics of the Federation, Macedonia has now built up a national university with an ambitious medical faculty. The new teachers' colleges, the new agricultural colleges, the new schools in the remoter villages, the new clinics and sanatoria, some of them distinguished specimens of architecture—these were visible proofs of progress. It was a joy and a surprise to hear a Mozart opera, beautifully sung in Macedonian. Malaria has been abolished and the neglected forests are now cared for. Miss Tracy is unsympathetic to the policy of industrialisation. But the villages are over-populated and under-employed. Parallel with the modernisation of agriculture, it is indispensable to create new industries. In Macedonia, which grows good cotton, mills are being erected, while a diverted river and a new power plant will soon be ready to turn their wheels and irrigate the fields. Miss Tracy speaks of 'the bored, apathetic workers'. On the contrary, I thought they were rather too keen to qualify as 'shock workers'; the apprentices were studying with zest, while the new Works Councils

give the craftsmen initiative and self-respect. The richer peasants are often 'disgruntled' but their poorer neighbours have gained immensely both in prosperity and in their farming techniques. I came across eight of the co-operative farms which Miss Tracy roundly condemns. One was a failure; four were doing pretty well; three were models of efficiency. Not a bad record for a 'dreary desert'.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.3 H. N. BRAILS福德

Sir,—I have often relished Honor Tracy's bitter phrases, believing that a real hatred of cruelty and humbug barbed her tongue. After reading her two talks on Yugoslavia I see I must have been mistaken. Her disgruntled observations lack both modesty and charity. The Yugoslavs can do nothing right. When they sell her a pot of luke-warm coffee and a nasty roll, she feels insulted and pines for the 'order, grace, and nonchalant efficiency' of Austria. On the other hand, an offer of plum-brandy, courtesy, and gold-tipped cigarettes is simply a bribe to misrepresent the facts. When some peasants hurl imprecations at 'our car with its Union Jack', it is because they have not yet learnt that one now has to be servile to foreigners because of their currency. When, on the other hand, officials in trains and government offices are not as sycophantic to her as her theory of cyphboard-love requires, it is simply because they did not realise she was British. Her complacency is unpuncturable. These encounters are no mere episodes in the life of Miss Tracy, they are indignities offered to Britannia herself.

None of her stories hang together. She finds a greedy police state, where the foreigner is attentively cherished from the moment of his arrival. Yet row upon row of the persecuted manage to pour their grievances into her ears and, just in case the police were not listening, she broadcasts their confidences to us now. In one village she was able to assess that seventy-five per cent. of the peasants had been in prison. As a knowledge of Serbo-Croatian is not, according to THE LISTENER, one of her accomplishments, whence did she derive her immense assurance, which is surely second hand? She tells us that, on principle, she refuses all special privileges, which must include diplomatic ones, so she can hardly have been so helpless as to inspect Yugoslavia through an embassy wind-screen. She would certainly condemn a Yugoslav journalist who toured Clydeside in a Yugoslav official car making the appropriate discoveries and acquaintances. What is the explanation?

Most repulsive of all is Miss Tracy's affectation of sympathy for a people which she does her best to denigrate class by class. Of course there is intense suffering and cruelty and discontent in Yugoslavia, but have even the best informed of us the right to reproach and patronise a country which was bedevilled for four years by five invading nations and which lost sixteen per cent. of its population? The occupiers included those cultured people, who delighted Miss Tracy with their talk of Mozart and who bake such excellent breakfast rolls. They bred collaborators by the thousand and capitulated only to extremists. The normal solution to every disagreement became imprisonment or execution. Inevitably, the places of the dead are often filled by the incompetent and the disloyal.

Miss Tracy, to quote her own, smug, pon-

derous words has 'an overweening confidence, nourished by a total ignorance of the difficulties involved'. All the consolation she has to offer a proud people is the old Nazi-Ustashe gag that Yugoslavia was only a 'geographical expression' anyway.—Yours, etc.,

Kilkenny

HUBERT BUTLER

The Process of Evolution

Sir,—Mr. H. A. Taylor draws attention to a point where Dr. Huxley evades what is a crucial problem, if he is to justify his dogma that Lamarckism is no longer a scientific theory. The point is that Lamarckism provides the most plausible explanation of the unlearned responses of partridges and gun-dogs (and indeed of instinctive behaviour in general). This may also be seen by considering one of the difficulties in explaining such facts by natural selection, as this is described by Huxley. When Huxley says that 'releaser-mechanisms' are 'built into the animal by heredity' and are 'genetically-determined', we must presumably interpret him to mean that the 'raw materials' from which natural selection has produced such unlearned responses were purely random mutations in gene-structure, only a tiny proportion of which had 'positive survival-value'. There is plenty of evidence for mutations affecting the physical traits of organisms, but is there any evidence for the sort of mutations required to explain, e.g., the partridge's behaviour? If it were purely by chance that the shape of a hawk originally became 'the key' to 'unlock' the partridge's crouching-response, we ought to find in animals many automatic responses which are biologically irrelevant, not only new responses due to fresh mutations, but inherited ones which have neutral survival value (as would be the case if, e.g., partridges crouched on seeing a square or a swallow-like shape). The absence of such data casts grave doubt on Huxley's assumption that the theory of natural selection applies equally to mental and physical development.

There is experimental evidence that Lamarckism does not apply in the sphere of physical evolution. It is well known that rats are not born tail-less however many of their ancestors were de-tailed! But has Lamarckism been submitted to the test of experiment in the psychological sphere? What we require are experiments to ascertain whether we can engender 'unlearned responses' by modifying the experience of successive generations of animals—not cutting their tails off, but, e.g., giving them electric shocks whenever they perceive a specific shape or smell.—Yours, etc.,

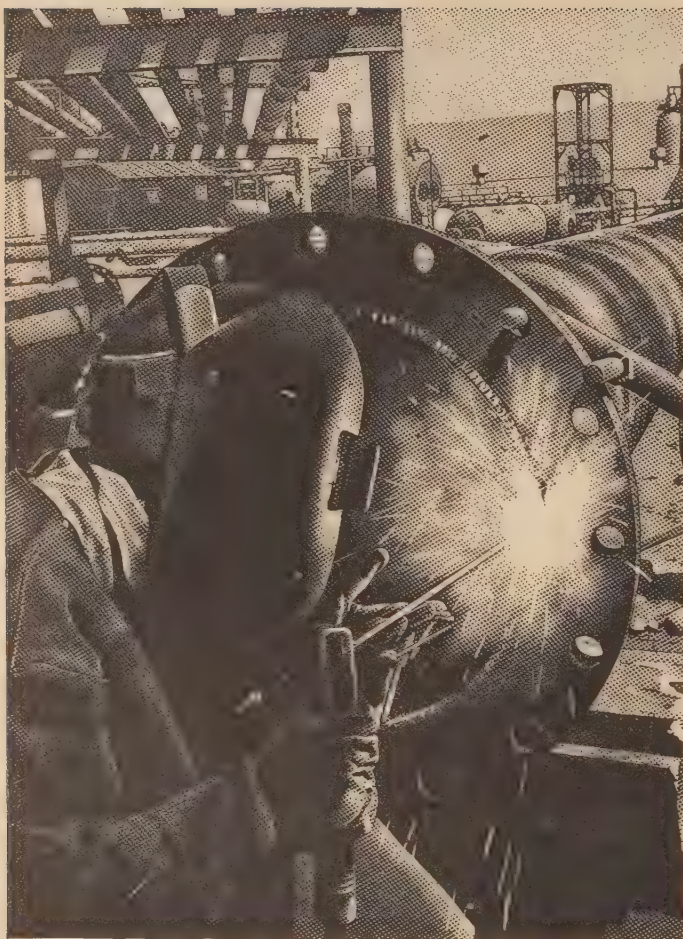
C. W. K. MUNDLE

University College, Dundee

Hotel Coupons for Italy

Sir,—I wish to correct an impression given by a report in your issue of November 8 on the subject of hotel coupons for British tourists visiting Italy. This says: 'Armed with these coupons, which he had bought with his own currency, the tourist would be able to come to Italy, and with them settle the whole of his hotel bill . . .'. This suggests that the coupons would be paid for in sterling, leaving the tourist the full £50 foreign-currency allowance to spend in Italy.

Even if this proposal were carried through, the cost of the coupons would be deducted in



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

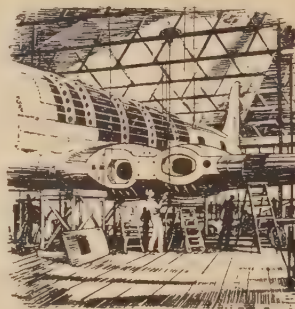
THIS man is a welder working on a new pipeline at one of Anglo-Iranian's three oil refineries in this country. Anglo-Iranian's refinery expansion continues on a world-wide scale. In addition to the nine refineries in Europe and Australia already operated by Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies, a new refinery in Belgium has just gone into production and another new refinery is under construction in the United Kingdom.



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MAGNESIUM

Magnesium, lightest of the common metals and silvery-white in colour, is the element usually associated with photographers' "flash powder", and incendiary bombs. It is produced by electrolysis of magnesium chloride—a compound made either from

sea-water, magnesium-containing brine or mineral deposits of magnesite—and by the thermal reduction of dolomite, a mineral which occurs abundantly in most industrial countries. By far the most important use of magnesium is in the manufacture of castings and wrought alloys for the aircraft and motor industries. It is also used to increase the strength of certain aluminium alloys. Compounds of the element, such as magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts) and magnesium oxide (magnesia), are well-known in medicine. Others are used in the production of rapid-hardening cements, in the rubber industry, in sugar refining and in paper-making. French chalk, meerschaum, asbestos and steatite are all compounds of magnesium.

In addition to making electrical insulators of steatite, I.C.I. uses magnesium in the manufacture of the aluminium alloys that are used so extensively in the construction of aircraft and in building and engineering.

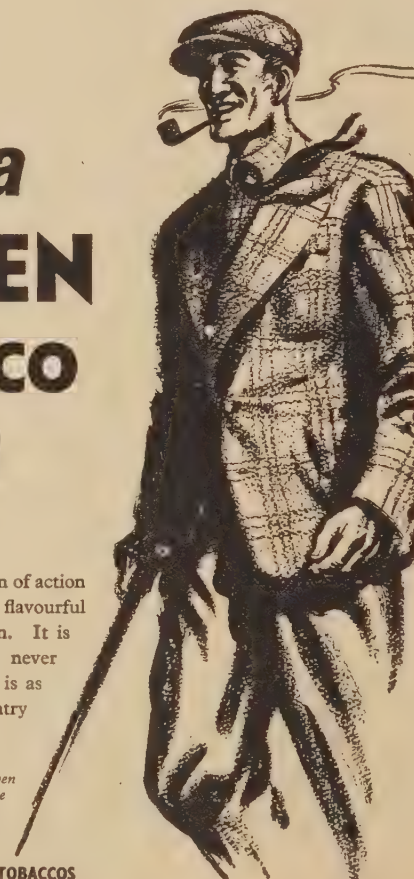


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FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS



Britain from the travel allowance. In other words, if a traveller bought coupons here to the value of £25, he would be left with £25 to take to Italy in traveller's cheques, and not £50.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 R. G. STUDD
Chairman, Polytechnic Touring Association

Sir,—You may be interested to know that we have received a number of enquiries on this subject following the publication in THE LISTENER of November 8 of extracts from Christopher Serpell's 'Radio Newsreel' talk. The public seem under the misapprehension that the scheme is already functioning.

One of our executives has just returned from Italy. From information given to him, this suggested system of paying hotel bills with coupons is not yet in force and is unlikely to be introduced, certainly in the near future. Too many of the leading hoteliers are opposed to it. It was tried before the last war and was soon abandoned because of the considerable difficulties it caused for traveller and hotelier alike.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 W. D. C. CORMACK
Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd.

Wagner at Bayreuth

Sir,—I was greatly surprised that Mr. Newman, who only eighteen months ago criticised Covent Garden for not meticulously observing Wagner's directions as regards the dress of his characters, should take his stand in favour of this year's Bayreuth productions. Mr. Newman attempts to dispose of those who, as he puts it, 'conscientiously object' to the wholesale neglect of Wagner's stage directions, by saying that, to be logical, the objectors must insist on the use of settings as nearly as possible perfect copies of those actually used by the composer, and that they should even require the stage to be lit by gas rather than by electricity! It would seem to me perfectly clear that where, to quote one example, for the Good Friday Magic scene of 'Parsifal', Wagner specifies a pleasant spring landscape with soft, flowery meadows rising at the back, considerable scope is offered to the scene painters. Any number of sets could be, and indeed many undoubtedly have been produced which conform to Wagner's directions, and are in keeping with the principles of the sets the composer himself employed. Probably none of these would be exactly what Wagner visualised, but I do maintain that what we were in fact offered this year at Bayreuth was almost certainly much farther removed from his concepts. The stage for this particular scene was almost bare, except for a

large circular platform with a few stone blocks in the centre to represent a well. The set might more conceivably have represented a desert than flowery meadows. Its bare ugliness in no way helped me to appreciate the Good Friday Music. It would seem futile to argue that Wagner only adopted naturalistic settings because they were in accordance with the conventions of his time. Few composers have demonstrated themselves less likely to be tied down by current conventions.

Those who find the visual side of opera a distraction can, these days, easily confine their enjoyment of Wagner's music to radio or gramophone performances. Frankly, my sympathy goes to Cosima Wagner, who probably knew Richard's intentions better than anyone, and who, in her day, insisted on the works being staged as he had set down in the scores, and declined to consider any so-called progressive experiments to 'set the imagination free for the music'.—Yours, etc.,

Hounslow

K. R. DUTTON

The New Society

Sir,—Mr. Thomson has now retreated from all ground save that of the Indemnity Acts. Here he exclaims that he cannot see 'how by any stretch of the imagination' the facts that I have quoted show that he was wrong.

May I remind him that when he accused Mr. Pemberton of introducing 'choice historical errors' into this controversy he stated as facts, first, that the Indemnity Acts were passed at 'very irregular intervals', and secondly that the Dissenters suffered 'very real grievances' in consequence? As to the first point, he has admitted that the Indemnity Acts were passed much more often than not up to 1765, and without interruption after that date. Accordingly, Mr. Thomson's statement that they were passed at 'very irregular intervals' can only be described as wrong. As to the second point, Mr. Thomson has had plenty of opportunity to quote specific instances of the 'very real grievances' which he alleges. He has produced none.

Let him suspend argument until he has heeded Mr. Pemberton's advice and got down to the facts.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

C. H. STUART

[This correspondence is now closed—Editor, THE LISTENER]

The Golden Eagle

Sir,—We do not wish to prolong unnecessarily the correspondence concerning Dr. Burton's observations on the golden eagle. We

would, however, like to point out that Dr. Burton's reply to our original letter in your issue of November 1 is quite unsatisfactory in that he merely repeats, without any supporting evidence, the statements which we questioned. We now challenge him to furnish references which would be accepted by reputable ornithologists for the following: (a) One golden eagle with a wing-span of eleven feet; (b) the name of a standard work which includes under 'usual' food—dogs, wild cats, and foxes; (c) evidence that the golden eagle can really be considered a scavenger or will inevitably become so.

Although we cannot approve of Dr. Burton's use of the word 'bandit' (otherwise all birds of prey would be described as murderers), can he also produce evidence to show the normal behaviour of all species of birds is so well known that it can truly be said 'there are bandits in all species of birds'? In closing, may we add that we note with understanding and some sympathy that Dr. Burton's observations are apparently completely based on second-hand information. He may, therefore, like to know that we contest his statements not only with a first-hand knowledge of the bird in the field but after the examination of over sixty-five specimens.

Yours, etc.,

City of Liverpool R. WAGSTAFFE
Public Museums Keeper of Vertebrate
Zoology
IAN PRESTT

'Swimming for Pleasure'

Sir,—In her talk on 'Swimming for Pleasure' [printed in THE LISTENER of November 1] Miss Rose Macaulay asked, in parenthesis, in a quoted description of ladies' bathing attire in Co. Mayo during the Napoleonic wars: 'Why the sheets, one wonders?'

In my childhood, in the early years of the century, a sheet was always included in a lady's bathing equipment in West Cork, being used not so much for undressing in as to dry and dress in. We children would be wrapped in one.

Yours, etc.,

Dalkey, Co. Dublin RICHARD MANSFIELD

Shrubs for the Garden

Sir,—A word of warning is necessary to listeners who think of following Mr. Thrower's advice and planting their rockeries with *Cotoneaster horizontalis* and Japanese maples. A standard reference book gives a spread of eight feet for the former and of eight to twenty-five feet for the latter, which are rather small trees than shrubs.—Yours, etc.,

Headington

L. G. M. GLOVER

How to Take Care of Cyclamens

MANY of you during the next few weeks will be either buying cyclamens to give to your friends as seasonal presents or you may be receiving them. I hope you will both give and get, because I think they are the most useful and beautiful of all our winter-flowering greenhouse plants. I know so very well that some of you are unable to keep a cyclamen for more than a week or so while others can not only keep them in full flower for months but can also do so quite successfully from year to year. To a certain extent this is inevitable, due to the varying atmospheric conditions in different houses and rooms, but I am quite certain the main cause of most of the failures is over-watering.

To understand the moisture requirements of cyclamens, or any other plant for that matter, it should be remembered that they breathe through

their roots as well as through their leaves and so it is essential that all the air should not be forced out of the pot by excessive watering. You see, in a broad sense, you cannot have the two elements in the same place at the same time, and if all the air is replaced by water the plant is drowned. The ideal soil condition for most plants is neither too wet nor too dry, and the best way to test for this condition is to press a little of the soil against the inside edge of the pot with the forefinger and if the soil sticks to the pot and your finger then no water is needed. It is quite impossible to answer dogmatically the question as to how often a plant should be watered as so many factors are involved, but it would need very unusual circumstances in a hall or room for a cyclamen to require watering more often than twice a week.

Now the question arises of the method of

watering: whether the plant should be placed in a bowl and watered from below or whether it is better watered from above. Here, again, it is the quantity of water given which is far more important than the method of application. It is usually convenient to put the plant in a bowl or saucer to avoid leakage on the carpet, and this is quite a good plan as long as you do not keep the receptacle filled with water. The hole in the base of the pot is to allow excess water to drain away, and if it is to be allowed to function, the bowl or saucer must not be kept full. Of the two methods, I think watering the soil from the top is really the better, and if this is done with discretion, you should have no difficulty in keeping your plants in a healthy condition. You can still stand the pots in bowls but see they are not perpetually filled.—From a talk by ALLAN LANGDON in the West of England Home Service

Round the London Art Galleries

By ERIC NEWTON

I HAD pinned high hopes on two retrospective exhibitions at opposite ends of London—Frith at the Whitechapel Art Gallery and Edvard Munch at the Tate. Both hopes were disappointed. We have been carefully schooled to regard Frith as a bore, a Meissonnier of the front-parlour, an anecdotalist not particularly interested in his own anecdotes, the man who explained at the Ruskin-Whistler trial that it had been a toss-up whether he became an artist or an auctioneer and provoked Whistler's comment 'he must have tossed up'. Of recent years so many of those easy judgments condemning the mid-Victorians have turned out to be based on a snigger invented by the 'twenties that I was prepared to find that the 'fifties could reinstate Frith.

No such reinstatement is possible. Frith is a bigger bore than ever. His subject-matter, divided between scenes from Molière and Shakespeare, genre, portraits, and the contemporary scene, was either too dimly realised to be explicit or else so concerned with heightened incident as to verge on parable and thereby lose its documentary value. His composition is adequate but rarely interesting: his handling of paint painstaking but never brilliant: his colour unobjectionable but never inventive. One finds oneself 'examining' his pictures, and he emerges from the examination with a low pass and no credits, except for two delightful paintings, one of his daughter's birthday party (1856) and one of the same daughter (1872) and her sister practising archery*.

It is interesting to compare Frith's way of looking at the visible world with Paul Nash's. At the Arts Council Gallery, in St. James's Square, is an exhibition of photographs taken by Nash between 1931 and 1942. Nash was a good photographer for the same reason that made him a good artist. For him, 'things'—bits of stone, bits of wood, tree trunks, monoliths—could suddenly become 'personages', not by virtue of his poetic mind but by sheer visual sensitivity. Those photographs, and a few related watercolours to show what use he made of them, reveal how Nash employed his camera as an *aide-mémoire* for pictorial ideas. His camera brought a dead world to life: Frith's lack-lustre eye reduced a living world to a state of atrophy.

If the Munch exhibition disappoints it is not because Munch was half-hearted. He had, perhaps, too much heart, or rather he followed it too easily wherever and whenever it beckoned. Though he died in 1944 he began to paint a generation ago in a manner that was then startling and which we have since learned to call expressionist. It was a step of great courage that Munch took in 1893, and if Norway had been in closer touch with the rest of Europe, it would have had even more surprising consequences. As it is, Munch's achievement is only beginning to be recognised in England. Fearless, passionate, morbid, obsessed by the simpler and the more violent emotions, Munch has always been a prolific and a large-scale painter. He is the Rubens of

Expressionism, and doubtless those who can stomach his tortured exuberance will find him admirable as Rubens is admirable. But to the average, timid Englishman the very thing that he so forcefully expressed is a little embarrassing. 'Life', says the average Englishman (and I am sufficiently average to agree with him), 'is neither as simple nor as violent nor as tragic as all that. Nor, in order to face up to it, is it necessary to strike so many attitudes of swagger or resignation'.

Munch's lithographs can be superb, but in most of his paintings one hears a voice strained and broken with overmuch shouting and weeping, and the *art nouveau* mannerisms of his early work actually reinforce the sense of overstatement.

The rest of the exhibitions must be dealt with more summarily than they deserve. At the Lefèvre Gallery Hans Tisdall has enlarged his scope by a remarkable act of self-abnegation. For him, a full range of colour was always a temptation to turn a picture into a decoration, and, having a daring sense of colour, he succumbed to the temptation. Perhaps, realising his weakness, he has gone deliberately into a kind of aesthetic retreat, or perhaps he has tired of the seductions of a rainbow palette.

Whatever the reason, his recent paintings—still-lives mainly—are worked out in a kind of monochrome tempered with accents of pale colour. The result is a new range of expressiveness. The familiar rococo pattern is impregnated with space and light and density. The eye no longer slides off the patterned surface but explores his shapes and is drawn inwards between them. Tisdall shares the Lefèvre Gallery with John Armstrong who has tried equally hard to leave decoration behind. But he has fallen back on symbolism—fallen almost too literally, for his symbolism is not strong enough or explicit enough to break his fall.

Symbolism, for him, as for the Chinese artist, consists of a set of signs that can be 'read' with the aid of a simple glossary. It has this weakness, that the more specific it becomes the more it loses its power. I am willing to regard a flower or a butterfly as having a 'readable' meaning, but a flower that casts a shadow, can be identified botanically, verges on still-life, ceases to refer to something outside itself. If Franz Hals were to paint a woman balancing on a globe he would achieve no more than a portrait of an acrobat. In a medieval manuscript the result would be a statement about the mutability of Fortune. Armstrong's vision, despite his romanticism, is not quite medieval enough for his method.

At the Victoria and Albert museum are two rooms of black and white drawings done over a period of years for *THE LISTENER* and *Radio Times*. These are quite appropriately decorative in intention, often of exceptional technical proficiency. It is a pity that no examples are shown beside them of the final reproduction, for an artist must take into account the curious shifts of emphasis that occur when his work is reduced in size and coarsened by the paper's surface.



'Laocoön', from the exhibition of photographs taken by Paul Nash, at the Arts Council Gallery

Ortega y Gasset and Modern Spanish Thought

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

I USED to go to Spain before the civil war, and I remember being struck by the fact that the news, when one read it in a Spanish paper, was quite unlike the news anywhere else. I do not mean that the facts were different; it was the pattern into which they fell which was unfamiliar. And this was because, when I sat on the shaded pavements reading *El Sol*, I knew that the Pyrenees lay between me and everyday reality. Spain, twenty years ago, was among the last countries in Europe which still found it natural to look on the outside world with detachment.

Looking From a Strange Window

Much the same emotion can be felt by someone coming for the first time to the works of Ortega y Gasset. He will not necessarily be struck by their novelty, or convinced by their arguments; but he will find himself at once involved in an unfamiliar pattern. For the first thing about Ortega is not that he is a philosopher, but that he is a Spaniard reflecting on the world about him—looking out of a strange window, therefore, and moved by feelings quite different from those which are normal among the English and the French, the Germans, or the Americans. I remember buying a large, yellowish volume of his collected works in Seville, on the strength of a single essay on Goethe which I had stumbled upon. It was a clumsy book to hold—like a telephone directory—and my Spanish was far from good. I constantly underwent that disagreeable experience which befalls one when one reads a thoughtful book in a foreign language; convincing myself that I had unravelled a complex argument, and then checking my results against the dictionary and finding that I had got half the essential words wrong. But I could not stop reading, for the man seemed to have something to say on every possible subject: on Debussy and Aristotle, on the art of government and the way to run a university, on Kant and Titian and the importance of physics, on the fall of Rome and the meaning of history—all poured out in a flood of essays and lectures.

I stumbled through as much as I could, and then began looking up the facts about Ortega himself. They are straightforward enough. He was born, I found, in 1883, he studied in Spain and in Germany, and a few years before the first great war he was given the Chair of Metaphysics at the University of Madrid. It was not surprising that *El Sol* held independent views, for he had been one of its founders; in 1923 he started the *Revista del Occidente*, which played something of the same part in Spain as the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in Paris; and during the Republic he made a fresh reputation for himself as a statesman. After the civil war he left Spain and, although he now goes to Madrid for some months of the year, he lives a great deal in Portugal. German, he once declared, had been the language of his youth, but he foresaw that English would be the language of his old age. Nevertheless, he had never visited England until this summer, when I saw him one evening, a sharp-eyed, talkative, imperious old gentleman, in the incongruous surroundings of a South Kensington house, watching a troupe of Spanish gypsy dancers.

What I want to do here, however, is to talk about his work rather than himself. And I think I have already given a clue to it by saying that he was greatly influenced by the Germany of fifty years ago, and in particular by his teacher at Marburg, Hermann Cohen, and by Dilthey. That is to say, he started with an anti-metaphysical bias, and with a passionate interest in the idea of civilisation, its significance, its historical evolution and its values. Ortega is a contemporary of Spengler, remember, and of Arnold Toynbee. Without sharing their views, he followed much the same preoccupations, and so it soon became clear that if A. J. Ayer and Gilbert Ryle are right in propounding that the business of philosophy is to solve puzzles rather than to discover truths, Ortega was not a philosopher at all.

That, I think, is partly due to his being a Spaniard, and born at the end of the nineteenth century. It was a time in which Spain, always remote in spirit from the rest of Europe, was lagging far behind the more enterprising parts of the continent. While they were becoming

richer, more expansionist, more ambitious, Spain became weaker, prouder, poorer. A young Spanish philosopher, therefore, picking his way through the thrusting world of imperial Germany, could hardly confine himself to the solving of puzzles. What he proposed to undertake might or might not aptly be classified as philosophy—but Ortega conceived it, we can now see, as the logical application of certain philosophical principles to the chaos of his own country. In fact he became a teacher; he measured out his teaching, furthermore, in such doses as his public could assimilate—in newspaper articles, in essays, in lectures, in professorial contacts with the young. And I believe that he has altered the intellectual climate of Spain to an extent which would be hard to exaggerate. To begin with, he is an outstanding writer. He does not use the portentous language of German philosophy; he is neither crabbed nor verbose. He is both clear and vivid. He writes like a good talker, unafraid of metaphor or idiom. And then, in addition to his work in purely speculative philosophy, he has brought his equipment to bear on everyday matters which concern us all.

There are two good reasons why I should not say much about his contribution to philosophy: first, that it still needs to be fully formulated: he has made the public wait until now for an integrated system of ideas. And, secondly, that someone far more competent than I will be speaking, in the second talk in this series, of his ideas in relation to those of his colleagues and disciples. His work cannot, however, be divorced from his philosophy; it is all, for example, bound together in a single phrase which occurs in his first book, published in 1914—a little phrase of six words only: 'I am I in my context'. What he means by that is that there is no possibility of making a clear division between the human being—the subject—and the rest of creation—the object. He joins issue with those who follow Descartes, and assert that the subject is the primary reality, the basis of all perception; for Ortega the primary reality is the subject plus its surroundings, and inseparable from them. One of Ortega's followers, Julian Marias, summarises this attitude by saying that

the primary reality is the interplay of subject and object which we call life. What the subject does with the object is to live. . . . Life is what we do and what happens to us. To live is to treat with the world, to go out and meet it, to act in it, to be busy with it. And so there is no priority of the object, as the realists thought, no priority of the subject over the object, as the idealists asserted. Primary reality, of which both subject and object are only abstract moments, is that dynamic interplay which we call *our life*.

This attitude takes the philosopher right away from what we are likely, in England, to consider pure philosophy. As soon as life gets mixed up in speculation, puzzle-solving begins to look academic. And that is what has happened to Ortega's doctrine, which he carries on a step further in the concept of *la razón vital*—which I suppose one is forced to translate as 'vital reason', distinct from scientific reason, or mathematical reason, or Kant's pure reason. Ortega argues that different kinds of reason are suitable for different ends. But he equates what he calls vital reason with life itself, on the grounds that 'the act of living is to have no escape from using one's reason in face of an inexorable context'. Life is a form of understanding; it has its own canon of reason; and though Ortega does not claim that this canon is unique, or more important than other kinds of reason, he asserts that it is basic to our humanity.

A Guide to the Use of 'Vital Reason'

You see what follows from this. Whereas the pure philosopher is generally preoccupied with an inhuman world of concepts, leaving to the metaphysician questions about the nature of reality, and to various specialists questions relating to conduct, to sensibility, to practical applications of the intellect, Ortega has to be able to carry his pupils with him over a huge and varied tract of thought. For if I and the circumstances round me are one, I ought ideally to know the circumstances as intimately as I know myself. And if I live in virtue of understanding what I am doing, then I am bearing the heavy

responsibility of creating or failing to create my life as I go. In one of his lectures, Ortega quotes a proverb of Sancho Panza's, 'If they give you the cow, you have to carry the rope'. 'All we are given', he says, 'is possibilities—to make ourselves one thing or another. . . . Nothing is ours outright, as a gift'. In fact, Ortega had reached some of the basic positions occupied by the now fashionable existentialists a full generation earlier than they—earlier, too, than the publication of Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit*.

However, there is no reason to drag the vague term 'existentialism' into the matter. All I want is to emphasise that the variety of Ortega's activities follow quite logically from his concept of life itself as a thing to be lived in a mood of perpetual creative energy. Similarly, he has found himself forced to set up as a historian and a sociologist in order to give a clear perspective to his view of the present day.

I suppose his most influential book, *The Revolt of the Masses*, was written as a guide to the use of our 'vital reason'—a teacher's guide-book rather than a philosopher's warning. It consists of a group of newspaper articles written in 1926: before the great slump, that is. It is not a long book, but it contains a great deal too much to summarise shortly; for its theme is the threatened eclipse of the western world through the lack of any sufficient purpose to justify the maintenance of a European society, and through the increasing power of what Ortega calls 'mass-man'. Ortega dreads the homogeneity which threatens to replace the rich divergence of a Europe which for centuries remained, in Montesquieu's phrase, 'one nation composed of several'. He foresees a scaling-down of all life to a level at which mediocrity can feel secure:

Mass-man has risen up everywhere, a type of mankind built up in a hurry, founded on a handful of poverty-stricken abstractions and thus identical from one end of Europe to another. To him is due the colourless aspect, the suffocating monotony which life has assumed throughout the continent. This mass-man is man emptied of his own history in advance . . . and so, docile to all so-called 'international' disciplines. . . . He has only appetites; he allows himself only rights; he believes himself to be under no obligations.

Are these the words of a rather Blimpish old gentleman? Not at all. Ortega was only in his early fifties when he wrote them in a new preface to a French edition of his book. But his own circumstances must be taken into account. He had written the book as a liberal-minded Spaniard, watching, in growing irritation, the dictatorship which preceded the establishment of the Spanish Republic. After a first moment of excitement, he had been disgusted by the vulgarity of Fascism, and he was depressed by the vacillations of the democracies. What was needed—he saw it so vividly—was a purposive society, a society which could link together the reasons and the passions of the European nations into some kind of harmony:

Creative life needs to be governed by a healthy society, it needs nobility, and a constant stimulus of one kind or another to excite its sense of dignity. Creative life is an energetic life, and that is only possible in one of the following situations: either to be in the position of commander, or to find oneself at ease in a world where command lies in hands which we recognise as fully entitled to hold it. Either I command or I obey. But obeying is not the same as tolerating—on the contrary, it is looking up to the commander and following him in full solidarity.

The words have rather too ringing a sound, perhaps; but then one of Ortega's faults is to dogmatise in a brisk, rhetorical manner. All the same, much that we think commonplace today—a recognition that people are inclined to feel sure of too many things about life, that technological progress has outstripped the checks which civilised criticism can put upon it, that a world of specialists defeats its own objects for lack of the power to see where it is going, that the modern State is among the most dangerous enemies of society—all these ideas and a great many more were first put lucidly together by Ortega during the nineteen-twenties, at a time when it looked superficially as though Europe and America were set for an indefinite period of prosperity.

And yet I am not sure that the stature of Ortega is not better shown in some of his incidental works, such as the eight small volumes of essays which appeared under the title of *El Espectador*. For it is as a spectator that he is at his best, rather than a participant; and it is as a spectator that he can deploy his extraordinary range of interests. I can think of no one among the living, not even his fellow-countryman George Santayana, who can touch his variety. Nor is it simply one long virtuoso performance. Unlike most Spanish thinkers, Ortega is essentially a secular writer. He uses secular counters rather than the teleological abstractions which spring easily to Latin lips. But one guiding

concept binds all his multiple interests together, and it is an extension of that simple phrase which I have quoted already, 'I am I in my context'. Once again I shall quote Mariás:

As we have to decide what we are going to do at each instant, we have to justify ourselves for bringing about one thing and not another; life is responsibility; it is in its final essence moral. Like all human realities, life admits grades of being. Things are what they are. A stone is a stone; a horse, a horse; there is no sense in asserting that a horse is more or less of a horse; on the other hand, there is perfect sense in asserting of a woman that she is very much a woman, or of a man that he is a whole man (or not much of a man). As life has no independent being, it can be fully or partly realised; it can be falsified . . . when man is faithful to that voice which calls him to be something specific—something which deserves the name of vocation, his life is a real one; when he gives himself over to the fashionable and the second-hand, when he is untrue to his inner and first-hand vocation, he falsifies his life and condemns it to unreality. Morality consists in authenticity, in raising the reality of life to its maximum; to live is to live more. . . .

The quiet, sceptical runnels of English thought flow on undisturbed by this rising flurry of words. Dear me, we say, dear me, what a fuss these southerners make; and we note with distress that in their histories of thought they dismiss in a page or two Locke and Hume and Herbert Spencer, and devote whole chapters to able dogmatics like Schleiermacher or Husserl. It is the great strength of Ortega that he cannot be pinned down by either party. He neither gesticulates nor folds his arms. Yes, he would say, life is responsibility. It is part of our responsibility to sharpen and to use our judgment every hour of the day; it is important to know about Plato and Beethoven, Einstein and Milton, about why the Roman Empire fell, and what a modern biologist thinks about organic life, and how the Reformation occurred. It is important, because without such knowledge we cannot live up to our responsibilities.

Never mind whether that is philosophy or not; it is one of the most successful attempts made in our time to keep the mind of man screwed up to concert pitch.—*Third Programme*

Lake and Forest in Finland

(continued from page 876)

Finland's railways might please travellers, but it would be a deep disappointment to the railway enthusiast. Inside, the carriages are warm, clean, and reasonably quiet (is it significant that they have a second and third class, but no first?), but in appearance the trains suggest *Anna Karenina* and the eighteen-seventies. There is the five-foot gauge—4.9 to be exact. The engines, far from being stream-lined, are adorned and enriched with knobs and handles. They have tremendous awe-inspiring funnels shaped like the funnel one uses to pour milk into a baby's bottle. Their fuel is billets of wood, and they stop, every few hours, to load up the tender and to take in water. Thick smoke streams from the funnel, enlivened at night with showers of sparks.

Lastly, the people themselves. There are those who say that, until one has lived fifty years in a country, one has no business to generalise about its inhabitants; and there are those, like Keyserling, who say that if you have not got the hang and feel of a country and its people inside twenty-four hours, then you had better go home because you never will. One may say then, following Keyserling and with a sidelong glance at history, that the Finnish people are tough, determined, down-to-earth. This is emphatically a masculine community. Women work: you see their burly trousered forms on building sites and railway-yards, as well as in factories and offices. But the men control, and the prevailing note is of masculine organisation and hard business sense. Their art is architecture. Their sports are hunting, sailing, ski-ing, and long-distance running—practical ways, in short, of getting about. But if this were all, one might find the same qualities without travelling so far. To the practical determination of the Finns, there is added a mysterious 'X', a quality of the human spirit that has nothing to do with organised religion.

This 'X' is a kind of recklessness, not at all casual, but final; as though it were necessary to govern one's life by commonsense principles as far as possible, yet in the end one knows that life itself is not so very important. This is seen, in heroic form, when the Finn is fighting for his country. If I were asked how it shows in the Finn's daily life, I should say it is to be seen chiefly in his drinking, which is determined, speedy, and with the visible intention of becoming drunk.

—*Third Programme*

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Life of George Lansbury. By Raymond Postgate. Longmans. 21s.

RAYMOND POSTGATE has written a readable and provocative life of his father-in-law. In some ways he is the ideal official biographer. For many years he worked closely with the Labour leader, shared most of his beliefs, and helped him with his books. But he stood sufficiently apart from his subject to see him whole. Unlike Lansbury, his biographer is neither a Christian nor a teetotaler, and in the end he differed from some of Lansbury's political views.

We read here the tale of a remarkable life: in his youth Lansbury was almost a violent revolutionary, passionate in his beliefs and hatreds. In 1912 he resigned his seat at Bow to stand again in the suffragette cause only to lose it. A successful timber merchant, he brought up a large family and yet devoted himself unsparringly to the socialist cause. He became an inspiring editor of the old *Daily Herald* and *Lansbury's Weekly*, but seldom wrote well. Though he was a pioneer of the modern Labour Party, in the two minority Labour Governments of the inter-war years he was to experience a great disillusionment. Ramsay MacDonald refused to take him into his first Cabinet and in his second gave him the minor post of Commissioner of Works. But in this post he passed his hey-day, for not only did he fill his office with distinction and imagination, but his tremendous efforts to solve the unemployment problem, which in the end brought down the Government, are worthy of admiration and received it from those in his party who understood what he tried to do.

Thus when MacDonald and the others broke up the party, he became its leader and with two lieutenants, Clement Attlee and Stafford Cripps, undertook at an advanced age the onerous task of directing a minute parliamentary Opposition. But at the time of the Abyssinian crisis he himself split from the majority of his party because of his pacifism and resigned his leadership. Now he trudged round Europe hoping to establish a Truce of God. Pathetically he saw in Hitler 'one of the greatest men of our time' who 'will not go to war' and thought that, given the opportunity, he might have converted him to 'Christianity in the purest sense'. Thus was exposed the weakness of his good qualities when passionate faith degenerated into self-deluding sentimentality. He lived to see the war he had tried to avert and before he died was poor, lonely and distraught. But the sympathetic reader will not dwell on those last days.

Everyone will have different opinions about Lansbury's contribution to modern history. Many will say that the battle he waged for the poor of the East End, and indirectly for the poor of the whole country with his much-abused 'Poplarism', was a great step in arousing public conscience to ameliorate the lot of the unemployed. Others will note that his unflinching devotion kept alive the political Labour movement after the disaster of 1931 and formed an inspiration for the men who were to be the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the first Labour Government with a working majority. He was unfortunate that he did not survive to see the triumph of many of the causes that he had at heart including an end to unemployment and the destruction of the old system of relief.

There are some amusing stories in this book. We are told how when Lansbury visited France in company with Gerald Gould, the Associate Editor of the *Daily Herald*, Gould 'fooled him

into drinking brandy in his coffee, saying that "cognac was the name of a syrup that the French liked" and 'only confessed the trick when he found G.L. was proposing to order it daily'. When as Commissioner of Works Lansbury went to see King George V to discuss with him the delicate topic of the Haig statue he diverted the King's attention from the matter at hand by conversing with him on the faults of doctors. An official discovered the two old gentlemen immersed in this question, the King saying with appropriate gestures 'but they called it a minor operation, Mr. Lansbury; and they opened me from here to here'.

This is an entertaining biography, but it is not serious history. Mr. Postgate presents his picture as through the dark spectacles of a convinced Left-winger. No one who has studied the history of the inter-war years impartially is likely to accept his one-sided interpretation of events or people. Indeed one would need to be the Almighty to traduce the motives of men like Baldwin and Snowden with the whole-hearted fervour applied by Lansbury's son-in-law. After all, Labour politicians like Snowden, Margaret Bondfield and others had gone through the same sort of experiences and upbringing as Lansbury himself and if they reached different conclusions about questions of policy one need not assume that their motives were unworthy. Nor is it necessary to hold that when Liberal and Conservative Governments struggled with the intricate problems of economics and finance their object was invariably to force down the standard of living of the poor. Such a virulent interpretation of history does not serve to enhance the memory of George Lansbury. To those who knew him and his influence it is warm enough without that. To those who did not, it will engender suspicion rather than confidence.

Occupation: Writer

By Robert Graves. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Graves describes his book as a collection of scattered bye-works, and, superficially, so it is; a revised reprint of his well-known essay on the future of swearing, a three-act play, a study of humour which itself contrives to be humorous, an essay on incest in the imperial Roman families, and so on. But they are, in fact, no more bye-works than Mr. Graves' novels which, in spite of the great care and research which always goes into them, seem to be diversions from the main stream of his literary purpose—which is poetry. The very title of this book indicates the slightly self-deprecatory manner in which Mr. Graves thinks of his prose work, work done for money. And it is this frivolous condescension which is the charm and the weakness of the book; it is always entertaining, filled with odd information which Mr. Graves has gleaned from his immense reading, and often deals with serious subjects. If he had something which he wished passionately to say in this form the result might have been less entertaining, but as it is one has the feeling that the author is saying 'there's nothing need stop me going on like this for hours, except that I might run out of breath'.

Occupation: Writer is therefore literary journalism in its higher form, but it never approaches the form of those other 'bye-works', the essays of Virginia Woolf. It is a pity, because Mr. Graves might have matched his poetry with critical work of an equal excellence, and there would have been no necessity for him to be condescending there. To this he might make the retort that such essays wouldn't have kept

him in fertiliser for his Majorcan vineyard, and one must unhappily agree that such luxury is not allowed every poet in the present state of English letters. One might call it the Graves Disease. Mr. Graves amusingly makes his comment on this situation in his envoi to the book. He describes his publisher's traveller discussing his work with a bookseller, saying that he over-writes. 'It stands to reason', he says, 'he can't keep it up indefinitely. Even H. G. Wells, you know . . .' On which Mr. Graves makes the fighting comment, 'Yes, yes, by God! Even H. G. Wells! Or, for that matter, Edgar Rice Burroughs. Or even William Shakespeare. Or even my brother Charles Graves . . . Or . . . or . . .'. But, for all its faults on a higher plane of criticism, *Occupation: Writer* has verve and humour (though not so much wit) and never bores.

Pioneers of Russian Social Thought

By Richard Hare. Oxford. 25s.

It may seem ungracious to begin a review by quibbling at a title, but that of Mr. Hare's latest book invites comment. Its sub-title, incidentally, is 'Studies of non-Marxian formation in Nineteenth-Century Russia and of its partial revival in the Soviet Union', and it contains sections on such thinkers as Chaadaev, Belinsky, Herzen and Leontiev.

Now the accepted idea of a pioneer is surely someone who goes ahead to prepare the way, and the conferring of such a label on these writers puts the history of Russian thought in an entirely false perspective. If one wished to give an adequate impression of the origins of the Slavophile-Westerner controversies of the nineteenth century and of the sense of social responsibility that pervaded the literature of the period, it would be necessary to go back and take at least a cursory look at the reflections of Ivan Possoshkov (1652-1726) on the wealth and poverty of nations, at the tirades of Prince Shcherbatov on the demoralising effect of Western ideas on Russian ways, at the Moscow Freemasons of the age of Catherine the Great. Mr. Hare does not even mention the name of Radishchev, from the opening words of whose *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow* (1790): 'I looked around me, and my soul was lacerated by the sufferings of mankind', one may, to adapt Berdyaev's phrase, date the birth of the Russian intelligentsia. Nor are Mr. Hare's attempts to relate his thinkers to the history of the time particularly happy. It is hard to see, for example, what makes him think, in connection with the Decembrists, that the martinet Grand-Duke Constantine had the makings of a good constitutional sovereign, even if the conspirators had genuinely intended to put him on the throne, which is far from probable.

The author's style is tufted with clichés and mixed metaphors; at one point, 'Khomyakov draws a veil over the frightful mess that can be made by feeble, foolish, or merely lazy autocrats'; elsewhere, Herzen, 'knight-errant of a theoretical Europe' is depicted 'standing mentally astride two worlds, with one foot firmly planted in each', and desperately building 'a new idol out of a fabulous future Russia, invented by his fertile imagination'. But perhaps we have been spoilt by Nicolas Berdyaev and Professor Carr, and come to demand too much from those who write on Russian thinkers of this period. These remarks do not imply that Mr. Hare's work is without value or interest. Particularly striking are the Slavophile Khomyakov's reflections on England:

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By such examples and analogies as these, Khomyakov hoped to show the value of national tradition in Russian life. Chernyshevsky, a prominent member of the 'Westernising' school of thought, did not, as sometimes asserted, despise such writers as Khomyakov: 'With all their errors they (the Slavophiles) are among the most cultured, noble and gifted people in the whole of Russia'. But he has a telling and not untropical passage about the Slavophile minor prophets:

They possess an extraordinary capacity for discovering that every filth peculiar to our country is something excellently designed for the revival of Europe. One claims as a great virtue our patient submission to every kind of outrage; Europe has endured too few of these, and should therefore be stimulated by undergoing similar trials; others find a hidden treasure in our mode of family life in the peasants' dirty hut, in husbands beating their wives, fathers beating their sons (or fathers being beaten by their sons when the former grow old and decrepit), in filial obedience to parental orders about marriage, regardless of the desires of bride or bridegroom. Others are proud of our long severe winter, and find that Western Europeans are enervated by too little frost. . . .

These extracts should be sufficient to show how much promising material has gone to the making of this volume. But one cannot help feeling that opportunities have been missed. It is disappointing, for example, to find Mr. Hare basing so much of his study of the reign of Nicolas on Cüstine's *La Russie en 1839*, recently republished in America as an anti-Russian tract. For the period covered by his survey, roughly from 1830 to 1870, was one of economic and social ferment in Russia. The development of industry and the onset of the 'Railway Age', both within and outside the Tsarist empire, did as much as humanitarian feeling to make inevitable the abolition of serfdom and the patriarchal order, while the spread of education aggravated the frustration of under-privileged intellectuals and gave them new opportunities for self-expression. One would in short have welcomed more of an attempt to assess the importance of these ideologists in reflecting and shaping intelligent public opinion and influencing the course of history.

The Record Guide. By Edward Sackville-West and Desmond Shawe-Taylor. Collins. 30s.

'Oh dear, what a funny record!' This extraordinary volume, with the air of an encyclopedia and the layout of a catalogue, abounds in unforeseeable flashes of humanity such as this. It is the kind of book which unexpectedly is discovered to be excellent reading; a rare thing in guides, rarer still in those that deal with the material of music, rarest of all in the literature of the disc. But these happy phrases do abound (as the authors, who are not above exclamatory italics, might claim) and we are grateful for them. They are the truffles in the liver-paste, the oysters in the sauce.

Apart from these aids to digestion there is the meat, the main part of this conflation (another of the authors' nice terms) of cool

criticism and well-tempered enthusiasm. It is apparent from the first page that this is a severely practical guide as well as a literary entertainment. While the reader may be glad that the book is spiced with humour, even wit, he will be grateful in a still larger degree for the practical help proffered in the introduction. There certain tetchy problems are elucidated, matters to do with deletions from current lists, with serial letterings among the various conflicting companies, with dates of the series in question, mysteries of special issues, society issues, special orders of imported foreign records, speeds and, in an appendix, the interesting but confusing business of long playing records. All this is useful to have in a concise form ready to hand.

Six of the seven hundred pages are devoted to the alphabetical guide. Devotion is the only adequate term to describe what, to an average discophile, seems as though it must have been an appalling labour. In the distance there is the hum of a hundred typewriters in a room filled with slaving secretaries. Yet the book has the imprint of two minds and so possibly there were but two typewriters; which in itself is sufficiently astonishing and laudable. The guide contains criticism on two levels, that of the technicalities of recording and that of the music. Both are fairly done, both illuminate the subject.

It is a book to give an intelligent and patient friend who will take the trouble to read whole chunks, to treat it as a book not a catalogue and so get the goodness out of it. Or one might give it to one's most maddening gramophone enthusiast, hoping he will catch a new fever and begin to listen to music instead of stuffing his burbling mind with differences between this record and the next. To this person, as infuriating as any operatic collector of voices or ballet fiend collecting elevations, the book should instantly be sent. Also it may be used as a bedside volume, rather in the nature of a cookery book which makes exquisite reading as one drowsily fumbles a page or two full of delicacies one will never taste but the recounting of which brings delicious slumber.

Southill: a Regency House. Faber. 25s.

During the three centuries between 1540 and 1840 three waves of French influence broke over architecture and the decorative arts in England. The first left behind it such *château*-like Elizabethan houses as Longleat and Burghley; the second made Sir Christopher Wren alter course soon after the start of his great voyage; the third and biggest—its full effects are not yet appreciated—came rolling in around 1780, drenching a number of architects of whom the most gifted was perhaps Henry Holland.

Until quite recently even connoisseurs of Georgian architecture might have been hard put to it to name, off hand, more than three or four of Holland's buildings. (Brooks' Club and the original Brighton Pavilion would have been among them.) Then, last year, came Miss Dorothy Stroud's miniature biography, setting the total achievement of his graceful genius in a clear light. The book under review is a well produced and well illustrated monograph, by six hands, devoted to a single one of his buildings—the country house of Southill in Bedfordshire, rebuilt for two successive heads of the great brewing family of Whitbread in the years following 1795. Whether or not Southill was, as seems likely, the country house in which Holland's ideals were most completely fulfilled, it is certainly the one in which his work has been least interfered with; and 'work' here includes not only the structure and decoration but also much of the furniture.

The subject was worthy of a monograph, and all six authors—Professor A. E. Richardson (on

the house), F. J. B. Watson (furniture and decoration), Oliver Millar (the pictures), M. I. Webb (sculpture), and A. N. L. Munby (the library)—have shown themselves worthy of the subject, as one would expect. The richest section, without question, fell to Mr. Watson, who needs twenty-three pages to discuss the furniture and decoration (as against Professor Richardson's seventeen on the house, ten each from Mr. Millar and Mrs. Webb on the pictures and sculpture, and a mere three from Mr. Munby on the books). Here the French influence was paramount, extending as it did even to the employment of French artists and craftsmen. It makes itself felt, though less directly, in the sculpture too; for, as Mrs. Webb points out, the lead statues put up in the gardens in 1812 reflect the statues put up at Versailles a hundred and thirty years before. On the other hand there is nothing French about the collection of paintings at Southill. It includes noble portraits of the first Samuel Whitbread by Reynolds and Beechey, a whole-length by Gainsborough of the artist's daughters, Romney's 'Milton', and many works commissioned by the second Samuel Whitbread from the minor but far from uninteresting artists S. W. Reynolds, George Garrard, and Sawrey Gilpin.

The Lonely Crowd. By David Riesman. Oxford. 25s.

Every society has its rules and standards, and the content of these varies from one culture to another. This is obvious enough, but less obvious is the difference which may be found between the bases upon which these various systems are established. Professor Riesman distinguishes three: there is the 'tradition-directed type', where conduct is controlled by reference to a relatively stable order, in which everyone has his fixed role to play; there is the 'inner-directed type', where conduct is controlled by an internalised conscience; and there is the 'other-directed type', where conduct is controlled by the opinions, tastes and feelings of other people. The 'inner-directed' man is fitted with a gyroscope, which keeps him upright; the 'other-directed' man has a radar-set to enable him to receive the signals to which he must respond. The former tries to 'be' himself; the latter to 'sell' himself.

These distinctions are of the very greatest importance, and Professor Riesman has worked out with skill and penetration—and, alas, at great length—the implications of 'other-directedness' in a variety of social spheres. It is clear, as he points out, that if 'other-directedness' is characteristic of a community, or of a significant section of it, a variety of differences will be observable when we compare such a society with one in which 'inner-directedness' is dominant. 'Morality' will give place to 'morale', preaching will give place to manipulation, 'ploughing a lonely furrow' will give place to 'being in with the gang', and the 'glad hand' will take the place of that 'invisible hand' which was supposed to co-ordinate the inner-directed profit-seeking of the old-style captains of industry. Can it be that the fashionable preoccupation with good relations in industry is really a symptom of a new orientation, rather than a result of the prickings of conscience?

These three sources of control—tradition, conscience, and the 'gang'—follow one another in temporal sequence, and Professor Riesman relates them to the curve of population-growth. According to him 'tradition-directedness' goes with 'high growth-potential'—i.e., high birth-rate and high death-rate; 'inner-directedness' goes with the transitional phase of high birth-rate and low death-rate, when the accent is on productivity; while 'other-direction' goes with



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METHUEN

the present phase of 'incipient population decline' and the consumer mentality which high productivity has made possible. This is all very ingenious and well worth consideration, but one cannot help thinking that other factors of a social psychological nature have played their part. Professor Riesman detects the change from

'inner-' to 'other-directedness' in the upper-middle classes of America, and most of his evidence is taken from this field. In this country, however, it is not among those sections in which 'incipient population decline' has set in that 'other-directedness' is most conspicuous. But whatever views one may take about the relation

between these types of 'directedness' and the curve of population growth, the phenomenon of 'other-directedness' is not confined to America, and, though Professor Riesman is explicitly dealing with the 'changing American character', his analysis of these changes has universal application.

New Novels

The Telegraph. By Stendhal. Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

The Bidou Inheritance. By Edith de Born. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.

The Swiss Summer. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

The Invisible Worm. By Gordon Sager. Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.

WHAT happens when a prig goes into politics? In these days, I imagine, he becomes even more priggish. But in the Paris of Stendhal he had either to snap out of it altogether or else go under for good, he had either to revise his notions or else be pounded into pulp by wave after wave of pitiless intrigue and inexorable avarice. In politics as they were then there was no place for an honest man or a weakling—two terms which it was inevitably the custom to equate.

Lucien Leuwen, the hero of the unfinished novel which bears his name, first appears in Book One of that novel, (*The Green Huntsman*), where he is seen as a very young officer with a very grand passion. He was always apt to be serious, and when the grand passion goes bad on him, his seriousness becomes portentous. He despairs, he deserts, he appears in Paris; and it is at this juncture that *The Telegraph*, being the second book of his adventures, has its beginning. M. Leuwen senior, 'the Talleyrand of the Bourse', a man with insight, humour, and no scruples whatever, fixes things with the General about Lucien's desertion and prescribes politics as the antidote to despair. He has his son placed as the Principal Under-Secretary to M. le Comte de Vaize, Minister of the Interior; and since M. de Vaize, though an able administrator, epitomises the political blackguardism of his day, Lucien is required to dirty his hands with the slime of every sewer in Paris. This he agrees to do, after some searching of soul and mainly to please his father, who may be a howling cad but is also very kind to his son. The result, typically enough, is that Lucien, from being a wooden bore, becomes a congenial and understanding young man.

The Telegraph, despite its unfinished condition, is remarkable for two things. It is remarkable, firstly, for a balanced and authentic picture of politics under Louis-Philippe, and for its portrayal of a political rogues' gallery that would satisfy the most demanding and sensitive connoisseur of villainy. M. Leuwen senior, with his idleness, his epigrams, and his gigantic meals, is Ulysses' peer for cunning and Achilles' peer for pride. M. de Séranville, 'the little prefect', is a brilliant study in malicious dandyism: and in the Abbé Le Canu we have a classic instance of the vulgarity, shrewdness, and greed of the priesthood. Secondly, this novel is notable for the psychological skill with which Stendhal explores Lucien's reactions to the official crimes he is required to commit. The sequence concerning the provincial elections is a sustained and monstrously funny piece of writing, but it also probes with accuracy into the feelings of an intelligent yet shockable young man who catches the infection of corruption and excitement despite himself, and enters the treacherous arena half with guilt and half with zest. As for his feelings when the most virtuous woman in Paris yields to him in the hope that his father will make a minister of her husband

... they are, to say the least of it, mixed; and it is Stendhal who excelled in the sharpness of mind and the speed of eye that are necessary to analyse such a mixture.

From politics to class. Edith de Born's first full-length novel, *The Bidou Inheritance*, deals with a French family of peasant origin. The head of this family, Charles Bidou, is a close-fisted son of the earth, who has grown and sold enough wine to buy a shop. The shop prospers like the House of the Lord—a fact which is not surprising when one contemplates the intelligence and rapacity of its owner. Apart from this paragon of unamiability, we are concerned with his daughter Madeleine and his grandson Guy; and the problem which obsesses both daughter and grandson is that of escaping from the meanness of origin and poverty of outlook that are their birthright.

Madeleine's answer is love. Being widowed by the 1914 war, she starts an affair with a gentleman of the district. He, however, deals in false names and immorality flats, is exclusively physical in his approach, and deserts her with alacrity when she conceives a child. The poor creature has certainly failed to achieve the escape she desired—so much so that, when her father dies and leaves her a rich woman, she is unable to conceive of any life other than one of continued wine-growing and money-grubbing. Her revolt, in fact, was still-born. This leaves Guy, grandson of old Bidou and Madeleine's son by her dead husband, as freedom's only hope. On the whole he makes out. Having won a scholarship, he is educated at a *lycée*, reacts against the uncouthness of his family, reads Gide, and becomes a doctor. He has won through to a world worth living in.

To my mind, there is one major fault in an otherwise first-class novel. Miss de Born gives us a neatly drawn picture of peasant coarseness, of the hoarding instinct, and of other lower-class horrors: again, she treats brilliantly of the misdirected and thwarted attempts by which Madeleine seeks to escape these horrors; but when it comes to Guy, the significant and successful Guy, she leaves both us and him in mid-air. We see him clearly enough as a boy with the desire for culture and betterment upon him. We see him well enough when, at the end of the book, he has escaped as far as a peasant ever can from his unfortunate and restrictive origins. What we are not shown, however, is the intermediate stage.

I am convinced of the importance of this stage in Miss de Born's theme, and I therefore find its omission most unhappy. It is always interesting when someone sets out to solve human problems in human terms, especially when so many important writers (Graham Greene? Mauriac?) are prone to drape all their solutions in the winding sheet of religious atonement. Miss de Born has sought for an answer, and found one, in the healthy terms of humanism. This does not entitle her to present

it as a *fait accompli* and without showing how it was reached.

The two novels that remain are intended as works of entertainment pure and simple. This being the case, it must be frankly avowed that Stella Gibbons' *The Swiss Summer* has missed the patronage of the swallows. She starts well enough, sets her scene with clarity and confidence, and uses all her skill in presenting some typical English people who yet escape the charge of being mere types. They are ordinary and yet they are different; and now as ever Miss Gibbons' people are very subtly nasty or very subtly nice and never on any account merely obvious. But thereafter something goes wrong. There is simply nothing whatever for any of these people to do. There they all are, stuck on a Swiss mountain, being subtly nasty and subtly nice for three hundred pages—and doing absolutely nothing at all. They go on expeditions, they meet more (subtly) nice or nasty people off trains, and still they do nothing at all. Eventually their chalet is full to bursting: but even now they do nothing at all—except to go on a few more expeditions during which nothing occurs and the Swiss scenery is subtly significant. Finally they all go home again, full of tender memories of their wonderful Swiss summer. Heaven knows what they can find to remember. Except, of course, that on page 225 a peevish young woman got kissed by a mean young man, and that they were both too subtly moral for anything to come of it.

A complete contrast to the above is to be found in Gordon Sager's *The Invisible Worm*. His characters, so far from being warm but inactive like Miss Gibbons', are as dead as sticks but as active as alarm clocks. Mr. Sager touches nothing that he does not turn into a *cliché*. But on the other hand, instead of boring us till we scream, he has produced a very fair piece of entertainment. A rich American woman is found dead in her bedroom one sunny Sicilian morning, and every circumstance points straight at suicide. But she is rich, attractive, popular. So why has she done herself in? Mr. Sager takes us round the local boys and girls with gaiety and charm, and for a time we attend some jolly little parties with Douglas-derivatives and Firbank-variants, talking wax-works all of them, but (my dear) what fun! This gets us no nearer a solution, however, so we are also given a look at the suicide's relatives in America, her bouncing, trollopy daughter, her anaemic, over-wifed son, her senile but still academic brother. All of whom are also fun, but rather literary fun at times, and still get us no nearer to the cause of suicide. So back to Sicily (or, for that matter, to Capri or Trou), a final round of high jinks with the expatriate cuties, and an uninteresting but tolerable solution to the problem. The merry-go-round has gone round and round, the organ has played a cynical little tune from the 'twenties, and I for one am glad I paid the money for the ride.

SIMON RAVEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Statesmen in the Parlour

AT THE CENOTAPH SERVICE of Remembrance Day, television gave us our first sight of leading figures of the new Government appearing together in public, with the Prime Minister's mouth most grimly set on its plinth of a jaw. The panoramic view of the silent crowd, looped far up Whitehall, closed a flawless transmission. A camera got a fine effect by showing us the scene through the twigs of a plane tree, its last leaf seeming to cling, with allegorical significance, to the lens as we watched. We talk expectantly of colour television, but there are subjects that might be best left in monochrome, and Remembrance Day at the Cenotaph may be one of them.

Colour would have enhanced the charm and beauty of the international ice skating trophy contest at Richmond, without necessarily adding to its grace. The event gave us some engrossing moments, even so, and its three-quarters of an hour went too quickly, so attractive was the blending of movement and music. It was an evening of success for our skaters, embellished for viewers by Cecilia Colledge's soft-voiced commentary using a professional vocabulary new to many of us. There has been no indoor programme more pleasing to the eye since the ball-room dancing championships early in the year.

'Other People's Jobs', taking us to the Birmingham works where London's Underground rolling-stock is designed, prefabricated, and assembled, proved to be visually more satisfying than the bare programme announcement suggested it might be. A reason for this probably was that it had been well thought out in advance; the transmissions from one stage to another were admirably smooth. As in nearly every programme of the kind, the questions deemed worth asking on our behalf were a little too obviously rehearsed. James Pestridge, a thoroughly good-natured commentator, developed a habit of saying to craftsmen at the bench: 'I think you told me earlier today—'; whereas it would have been better to have left

us with the illusion that he had nothing up his sleeve. Incidentally, there was some priming in this programme for 'What's My Line?' which has been running short of interesting jobs, only that is not our line here.

In 'World Survey', which sets out to analyse the uses and shifts of power in the international scene, Christopher Mayhew came through with one of the best presentations we have had from him on television, a model of precise explanation and balanced judgment. The introduction of an



'Salute to Craftsmanship', in the television programme of November 8: Sir Harry Selley, President of the Federation of Master Builders, discussing with W. J. Taylor, joiner apprentice, the model of Trinity Congregational Church, Poplar, which won for Taylor the first prize at an exhibition of models by building apprentices

American official spokesman, prepared to face searching inquiry into his country's policies, gave weight to the programme, the first in a series which promises well. Meantime, 'In the News' has been experimenting with a brotherly-love technique that bodes no good to viewers. Last week it was nearly all sweetness if not light: Quintin and Tony and Bill and Dick grinning affectionately at one another as they closed for the tackle and scored their points. Some viewers don't specially want Taylor back, but they may yet have to acknowledge that necessity.

Television Newsreel's United Nations edition has been another of our recent viewing satisfactions. Many of us previously had no clear notion of what a United Nations session looked like; now the scene has been brought into a myriad homes and the august proceedings have become more real to us than the headlines could ever make them. We saw the representatives of nations great and small lifting up their hearts and voices in the call for peace; little figures bowing stiffly as they advanced to the rostrum and bowing stiffly again as they left it; Denmark recalling the sorrows of the occupation; Pakistan appealing with high-pitched logic; South Africa disowning foreign systems of political thought; Mr. Eden declaiming with suave wide-armed gestures, Mr. Vyshinsky babbling with the pleasant monotony of a brook over stones.

As we were saying here last time, we do not want standardised television production. A marked recent tendency among producers to enlarge the size of their names on our screens does suggest that a ruling of uniformity might not unpropitiously be made in that matter. There is no cause to encourage modesty or immodesty; equality might well be the principle laid down. The point could be taken to serve a larger purpose, an overhauling of television screen captions in general. They have often been unintelligible because of too small lettering or a lack of contrasting background. Add accelerated speed when a programme is overrunning, and you have conditions of irritation with which most of us are familiar. Remove them and it



'World Survey', televised on November 12: Christopher Mayhew (right) questioning Mr. J. C. McDermott, First Secretary at the American Embassy in London, in the first of a series of discussions on power in current world politics



'Triumph over Adversity', on November 12: R. B. Rawlings, instructor at the limb fitting centre at Queen Mary's Hospital for the Disabled at Roehampton, demonstrating to Jeanne Heal the use of an artificial 'hand'

would help to offset some of the unfair generalised criticism based more often than not on relatively minor defects. There are times when one feels that the television service has not firmly laid hold of the fact that it needs all the goodwill it can get.

On the other hand, it is true to say that B.B.C. television is receiving far too much criticism of the unhelpful kind. As an example, a Scots journalist who runs one of those staccato gossip columns in a London Sunday newspaper, edited by a respected fellow Scot, has announced that 'Southern English T.V.' bores him. Without taking him too seriously, the short unequivocal riposte to be made to this fellow is that some of the dullest television we have had in the past twelve months has been in programmes by Scots producers.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Unsplit Sides

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? During the past week, in radio Variety, they have been saying to me such things as these: 'Pail hands I loved beside the chalet, ma', and 'What does it matter if Columbus *did* use the gags first?', and 'As a metter of fact . . .'. But, candidly, they have not said very much that I have remembered. I think now of personages, and of stray inflections, and of distant laughter (like the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave), not of the jokes themselves which have slithered out of mind. The comedians are there. Where are the writers to match, with those jests fire-new from the mint? We should be holding our sides, not our heads. We should be laughing with the funny men, not sympathising with them, picturing them—the programme ended—slumped in exhausted heaps around the microphone.

This doleful vision was less sharp, maybe, after the Horne-Murdoch 'Over To You' (Light) which managed to conquer its custard-pie script. The programme develops a mild Itmania; now and then its puns seem to rattle spontaneously. We are glad of Richard Murdoch's moonstruck goodwill, Kenneth Horne's urbanity, and the protean Maurice Denham as 'both the Cadwalladers and Fred'. These cheerful folk, at present carrying an atlas on their backs—Switzerland was the last call—are not too self-conscious about it. I cannot say that of the Lyon family in 'Life With the Lyons', endearing people overborne by their material. The last programme I heard, 'Let Them Eat Cake' (Light) was glum domestic waffling. The players fought their way through it apologetically (main theme: icing a cake with cream cheese), but, from the laughter on the air, it pleased many: plainly one sort of housewives' choice.

Here we had a brooding atmosphere of desperation. I was much happier with 'Educating Archie' (Light), its all-boys-together method and its certain blessed unexpectedness, very reasonable in a programme led by a ventriloquist and his dummy. Julie Andrews sang buoyantly: the right kind of lark. 'Calling All Forces' (Light), though wholly expected, has an agreeable host, Ted Ray, a comedian who keeps us racing after him. In a recent show there were points of rest while Gate Eastley mimed his vowels, and—invariably—while Leslie Welch, the Memory Man, locked in massive consideration, brooded over the library of sporting statistics that lines his brain. 'I think I'm right in saying—', he begins with a comfortable certainty: comfortable because he is always right, whether the subject is the Olympic Games of 1908 or some unremarkable boxing match of the

eighteen-eighties. Mr. Welch ought to be remembered in years ahead when Gale Pedrick is preparing the fifth or tenth series of 'These Radio Times', reminiscent programmes unsmothered by 'presentation', that have brought back many pleasures without ever forcing the note.

One of the week's plays, 'For Art's Sake' (Home) was on the wilder waves, a goodish joke in which John Jowett invented a new brand of literary agent-cum-patron. You kidnap your novelist or musician or sculptor, entertain him lavishly, set him to work, and take ninety per cent. of the profits. There are snags; Mr. Jowett describes one with an enthusiasm that filled out his hour: an invention produced with relish by Vernon Harris and acted suitably by Sidney James (First Kidnapper), Colin Gordon (walking cactus-plant), and Hugh Burden. Mr. Burden narrated in a graver business, a feature programme on the reopening of the Free Trade Hall at Manchester (Home), which took us from the roaring eighteen-forties to the present day, accompanied by 'the voices of great music and of Radicalism', an uncommon partnership. We felt the excitement of that banquet under the gas chandeliers a century ago when, as midnight struck, Manchester cheered the end of the Corn Laws.

The feature was not over-fussed. We could say the same of Pirandello's short and quietly poignant play, 'The Life that I Gave Him' (Third). 'A Table For Two' (Home), by Mabel Constanduros and Howard Agg, was trite and amiable. And in mid-week, high above foothills, plains, and far, wandering waves, gleamed the snow-cap of Everest, the John Gielgud 'King Lear'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Ask Me Another

LYMINGTON, PARIS, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA—turn where I would, the air last week was humming with questions. In 'Question Time' in the Youth Centre at St. Leonards the housewives of Hastings were peppering the young with questions, and the young, undeterred by that engaging bashfulness which assailed us on public occasions when I was young, up and answered them in no uncertain voice. No doubt they were picked specimens, no doubt diffident and tongue-tied young people still lurk in corners of modern society, and these, if the team had been chosen at random, might have given us some painful moments. But I gather not only from the radio but from live experience that the species is dying out and that the young of today have their feet on the ground and their faces held up. At St. Leonards I felt that I was in level-headed, healthy-minded and lively company. The housewives' questions were artfully framed to expose any taint of anarchy or lack of principle in home affairs, and they must have found the answers they received highly reassuring. For this they have themselves to thank. The slackening of parental tyranny has simply removed the need to revolt.

In Paris a well-chosen team of 'Town Forum'—Dorothy Pickles, Sir Philip Joubert, Sir Graham Cunningham, and Philip Hope-Wallace—faced questions in the Richelieu Amphitheatre in the Sorbonne. Patriotically I trembled for them. Faced not merely by Paris but by the Sorbonne, what would become of them? But they had not, it turned out, been summoned to face the Faculty but simply Parisians of average intelligence, and all that the questions required of them was wits, wit, a ready tongue, and some knowledge of both English and French ways of life. Such qualifications, it is true, are not so elementary as they may sound, for the questions, as was to be expected in a meeting of this kind,

probed the differences of outlook and taste of the two nations, and in answering them each speaker had therefore to speak not only for himself but for his countrymen at large, no easy task. Consider, for instance, the question 'Why do the English dislike garlic?' It could be adequately answered only after laborious historical and sociological research, beginning with the enquiry 'Is it a fact that the English dislike garlic?'. Philip Hope-Wallace confessed to a partiality for it, and so do I, and may it not be that the rest of England would follow suit if it could be made garlic-conscious? It was an enjoyable party. Serious subjects were discussed, but with so light a touch that listening was a diversion rather than a concentration on brass tacks. In many of 'Town Forum's' visits abroad the seriousness of questions and replies and the concentrated response of the audience leave the impression that the meeting has produced a remarkable degree of mutual understanding. The impression from Paris was not quite like this. It seemed rather that old friends who already understood each other pretty well were enjoying an after-dinner conversation.

At Lymington, too, things were lively. The bill of fare showed a dangerous concentration of politicians, among whom any one of 'Any Questions?' might provoke, one feared, a dog fight. True, Stephen King-Hall, whose views are independent, and Arthur Street, who generally agrees with nobody but himself, might be trusted to draw red-herrings between Government (Robert Boothby) and Opposition (G. R. Mitchison), but when the audience, agog for sport, began to ply them with provocative questions, it seemed as if we were on dangerous ground. But no. Everybody behaved beautifully; the M.P.s were not only polite to one another, they were urbane; on several points they found themselves in complete agreement, and when, once only, there seemed a possibility that teeth might be shown, Freddy Grisewood, most alert of question-masters, neatly whipped the bone of contention into the dust-bin and called for 'The next question, please, from . . . er . . .?'

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

'The Ring' at Bayreuth

THE RECORDING of a complete cycle of 'The Ring' during a public performance is obviously an undertaking of the greatest magnitude, involving technical problems which need a lot of thinking and of preparatory experiment for their satisfactory solution. When every allowance has been made for the difficulties and for the many emergencies which must be met in the course of a performance, I cannot feel that the results we have heard during the past fortnight were adequate. And, after four and a half exhausting hours spent in toning down the loud passages and turning up the soft ones in 'Götterdämmerung', I even wonder whether enough preliminary work had gone to the making of this recording, whether it did not bear too often the marks of improvisation.

Generally the balance between voices and orchestra was maladjusted. The orchestra was too often a faint background noise, instead of a buoyant medium upon which the vocal tone could float. So a great deal of Wagner's rich and subtle score went for nothing. Gutrune suffered particularly from our deprivation of the soft and feminine beauty of the accompaniment to her music. Then subsidiary details would suddenly appear in the foreground, Hagen's voice and horn, supposedly in the far distance, sounding much louder than Siegfried's on the stage, and the likewise 'distant' cow-horns of the vassals drowning the whole force of the

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orchestra. Sometimes this disposition of the microphones had happy results, as in 'Die Walküre' where the fight between Siegmund and Hunding was more clearly audible than it ever is in the theatre. The anvils in 'Das Rheingold', on the other hand, failed to produce the terrifying clangour, which was one of the impressive moments in a Bayreuth performance of long ago. And this was not due only to the fact that, on the return journey from Nibelheim, the microphone was switched on late.

There was, too, a certain amount of distortion at times which affected the quality of both voices and orchestra, which then became unbearably harsh. What grieves one is that one could discern through this veil of disturbed values a magnificent performance, which one would have

given much to hear in all its beauty. And when, every now and again, the veil lifted, how lovely the music sounded! The opening scene of 'Rheingold' was excellently reproduced, with the authentic richness of the theatre's resonance giving an added glamour to the great crescendos. The Rhinemaidens were lucky; for their 'Götterdämmerung' scene came over well. And they deserved their luck; for I have never heard a better trio, words clear and music true. The Norns, too, were well sung and adequately recorded.

Of the principals, Siegfried (Bernd Aldenhoff) combined a good voice with an intelligent interpretation of the part. His occasional inaccuracies of detail, which perhaps would have passed unnoticed in the theatre, were of little account

beside his ebullient youthfulness in his early scenes and his sensitive phrasing in the later ones, especially his final greeting to Brünnhilde, which was happily well recorded with a good orchestral support to the voice. Of the rest the basses were best. Fafner, Hunding and, of course, Hagen and Fasolt (since Ludwig Weber was the singer) were all excellent, while Alberich (Heinrich Pflanzl) showed how much more effective and indeed terrible that character is when the music is sung without the 'Bayreuth bark'. And there was, as Mr. Newman pointed out, a new conception of Loge well carried out by Walter Fritz. Mme. Varnay did nothing in the later parts of the cycle to make me modify what I wrote of her Brünnhilde last week.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Billy Budd'

By ERIC WALTER WHITE

The first performance of Britten's new opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.0 p.m. on Saturday, December 1, preceded by an introductory talk by Eric Crozier at 6.40 p.m.

LECTURING on George Crabbe and Peter Grimes at the first Aldeburgh Festival (1948), E. M. Forster showed how far the character of Peter Grimes had travelled and changed between Crabbe's poem 'The Borough' and Montagu Slater's opera libretto, adding 'It amuses me to think what an opera on Peter Grimes would have been like if I had written it'. Well, now he has had his chance—not with Crabbe, it is true, but with Herman Melville—and, aided by Eric Crozier, he has produced a libretto based on Melville's last story, *Billy Budd*. These collaborators have succeeded in offering Benjamin Britten the best opera libretto adapted from a literary masterpiece since Boito's version of 'Othello': and Britten has risen to the occasion.

The story of *Billy Budd* concerns three sailors in the Royal Navy in 1797, just after the Great Mutiny at the Nore. England is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with France; and the seventy-four H.M.S. *Indomitable* is at sea alone, on her way to join the Mediterranean fleet. As she is short of her full complement of men, a number of seamen are impressed from a passing merchantman, and one of these is Billy Budd. Though he is good at his job and a general favourite with his fellow-sailors, from the outset he excites the hatred of the master-at-arms, John Claggart. Natural innocence is confronted by natural depravity; and Claggart pursues Billy with hidden but implacable malevolence. He is bent on corrupting him and encompassing his downfall. But here he has to reckon with the captain of the *Indomitable*, Edward Fairfax Vere, generally known in the navy as Starry Vere. A cultured, aristocratic man, popular with both officers and men, and a shrewd judge of character, Vere at once sees through Claggart's vamped-up charge of mutiny; but when Billy is confronted by his enemy in the captain's presence, he is so taken aback by this false accusation that after a momentary inhibition he yields to an uncontrollable impulse and strikes Claggart an unpremeditated blow with his naked fist. Claggart falls—dead. Billy is forthwith tried under the articles of war for striking and killing his superior in grade and condemned to be hanged from the yardarm, a sentence that is duly carried out.

At first sight this story might appear to be the tragedy of Billy Budd. But this is not so. It is really the tragedy of Starry Vere. By an accident of fate he, and not Claggart, becomes the agent of Billy's death. As captain of the *Indomitable*, he has to see that justice is done.

He was the sole witness of Claggart's end; and when the drumhead court-martial is held, it is his evidence that convicts Billy. Realising that by an accident of fate he has assumed the guilt that was originally Claggart's, he exclaims

'The angel of God has struck and the angel must hang through me.

Beauty, handsomeness, goodness, it is for me to destroy you . . .

I am the messenger of death'.

Yet ultimately salvation comes to him, for Billy in his natural, instinctive way understands, forgives, and blesses his captain-executioner before his death.

To help clarify this point, Forster and Crozier have framed the action in a Prologue and Epilogue where Starry Vere appears as an old man ruminating on the past and recalling the days of that far-away summer of 1797 when he commanded the *Indomitable* and 'was lost on the infinite sea'. Not only does this device place Vere at the centre of the action, but it puts the action itself into a proper perspective. It provides the only chance the audience has of getting away from the *Indomitable's* decks and cabins and seeing the ship in its mind's eye at a distance, as she sails across the waste of ocean that isolates the action and turns the ship's complement into a self-contained though all-masculine community.

Throughout the libretto Forster and Crozier have kept close to the spirit as well as the letter of Melville. Apart from the Prologue and Epilogue, their main innovations are the monologues for Claggart (Act II, Scene 2) and Vere (III, 2). It is true that Vere's monologue is mainly an expansion of a few phrases already provided by Melville; but Claggart's monologue is as much a creation on their part as was the *Credo* which Boito wrote for Iago. As for Billy, he too has his monologue (IV, 1); but the words for this were found ready to hand—the verses entitled 'Billy in the Darbies', with which Melville's story concludes.

Apart from this ballad and the various shanties sung by the chorus, the libretto has little verse; and not the least admirable thing about Britten's setting is the ease with which he makes the prose and near-prose passages dissolve in his music. As is the case with his other works, this is no music drama, but an opera made up of recitatives, arioso passages, airs, ensembles and choruses, which are dovetailed so cleverly together that the transition from one degree of operatic intensity to another never impedes or arrests the flow of the music or the action. The

roles of Vere (tenor) and Claggart (bass) are treated with great subtlety and assurance. In particular, Vere's monologue at the end of Act III, 'I accept their verdict', is one of the most powerful and moving things in the opera. Billy (baritone) has a more straightforward vocal part; and one could not imagine a better setting of the 'Billy in the Darbies' ballad than the slow sluggish triplets that coil about the sleepy tune.

As in 'Peter Grimes', the chorus has a particularly important part to play. The first shanty, 'O heave! O heave away, heave!', which is sung in the opening scene (I, 1) as two parties of sailors are holy-stoning the main deck, becomes identified later, through Billy's farewell to the *Rights o' Man*—the merchantman he has just left—with the idea of mutiny and is promptly taken up by the men in wordless chorus. To this theme the chorus reverts during the scene of Billy's hanging (IV, 2), and its treatment as a presto fugal stretto aptly parallels the 'ominous low sound' that Melville describes as coming from the men massed on the main deck for the execution. The chorus' big opportunity, however, occurs during the chase after the French frigate (III, 1). Then the main deck is cleared for action, and sailors, haulers, gunners, seamen, after-guardsmen, powder monkeys and marines play their several parts, rising to a bluff and hearty climax, 'This is our moment', which expresses all their pent-up emotion after long exasperating weeks of waiting. A shot is fired; but the wind drops, the mist rises, and the French frigate gets away.

Britten's invention and powers of construction have never been better displayed than in this opera. It is relatively easy to analyse the score and examine the type of melody used, the harmonic and enharmonic subtleties, and the carefully planned cycle of tonalities starting from B flat in the Prologue and returning to B flat in the Epilogue; but in doing so one might easily miss the essential truth—that 'Billy Budd' is something more than the mere sum of its parts. It is a single unity, like every great work of art. In some respects it is, of course, unique. It has no women in it; the whole of its action (bar the Prologue and Epilogue) takes place at sea; and it is the first serious English opera to deal with the Royal Navy. But these points are all incidental to the choice of subject. What really matters is that in 'Billy Budd' Britten has written his maturest opera to date, one that in skill of construction, psychological subtlety, and theatrical effectiveness can without exaggeration be compared with the later works of Verdi.



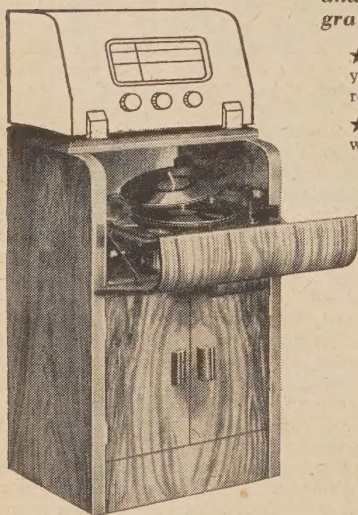
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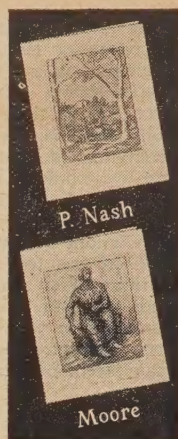
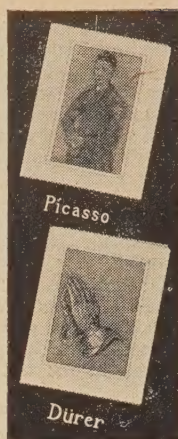
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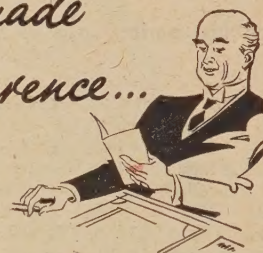
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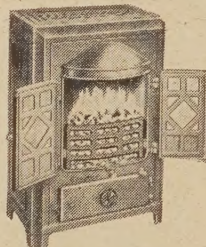
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Suggestions for the Home

CARING FOR CLOTHES IN WINTER

OBVIOUSLY YOU WILL store summer dresses, and so on, freshly washed or cleaned—with buttons and loops and fasteners all in order. And you will see that they are not going to get dusty or damp during the winter. Plenty of clean paper is a help where dust is concerned. Do not store cotton things which have been starched—wash the starch out, put them away clean but flabby. That is because starch tends to rot cottons if it is left in the fabric for any length of time. And remember that stored clothes ought not to be jammed tightly in their drawers or on their shelves.

As for keeping clothes dust-free, there is really no need to buy dust-proof bags, welcome as they are when they come off the Christmas tree. A few newspapers or brown paper and a roll of sticky tape are all you want to make perfectly good storage bags.

What about getting out winter clothes? If they were put away clean, and well brushed, and dust-proof—with their fastenings done up and pleats tacked down—then they will probably look pretty spruce, unless coats have been dangling on hangers too narrow for their shoulders, when they will look as depressed as a flat motor-tyre. Woollen dresses which have been folded will probably need gentle pressing, over a damp cloth. But it is surprising what a night spent in a steamy bathroom does for a crumpled-looking dress—even a wilted velvet one.

Suppose you find some moth damage here and there when you start getting out winter clothes: as far as actual holes are concerned—that is a

case for sorrow and skilful mending. But if you want to be sure there is no active moth mischief going on, here is a simple treatment to put a stop to it: cover the moth part of the fabric with a very damp cloth, and press it with a hot iron.

Here is some advice about shoes. Perhaps you own a pair of good, old, willow-calf stand-bys which you keep for the winter, and perhaps they are looking stiff and polish-starved. Here is a way to lubricate them: rub them with a solution of half milk, half water. When they are dry, polish them in the ordinary way.

RUTH DREW (*Woman's Hour*)

HARE SOUP

The ingredients for Hare Soup are:

- Fresh bones of a hare, including the head
- 2 oz. of bacon dripping, or equivalent in bacon fat or bacon rind
- 1½ oz. of seasoned flour: seasoned with cayenne or black pepper and salt
- 3 onions
- 2 carrots
- Half a small turnip
- 1 small stick of celery
- 3 mushrooms, if possible. (The dried ones will do very well)
- Herbs: bay leaf, thyme, parsley, and sweet marjoram—or at least as many of these as possible
- 1 blade of mace
- 4 pints of stock: preferably beef stock, but vegetable as second-best choice, or, failing that, water

Put the dripping in a large saucepan and let it get really hot. Dip the bones in the flour and

fry them. When they are browned, throw in the vegetables, shaking the pan to prevent burning, and allow to cook briskly for five minutes.

At the end of this time add the herbs and the mace; if there is any seasoned flour left sprinkle it into the pan and stir all the ingredients together. Then add the hot stock and bring it to a gentle simmer. Put the lid on the pan and let the contents simmer for about 2½ hours.

When the hare flesh comes away easily from the bones, strain the liquid into another pan. Sieve the hare meat and the vegetables into this second pan. Taste the soup for seasoning, bring it almost to the boil, and it is ready to be served.

PRIMROSE HUBBARD (*Home Service*)

Some of Our Contributors

JULIAN BENTLEY (page 863): Director of News and radio commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System, Chicago

TERENCE PRITTE (page 866): correspondent in Germany of *The Manchester Guardian*

ALBERT CAMUS (page 871): co-founder during the Nazi occupation of the independent French newspaper, *Combat*; leading Existentialist, playwright, and author of *La Peste*, etc.

RAYMOND ARON (page 872): political and diplomatic correspondent of *Le Figaro*; author of *La Philosophie Critique de l'Histoire*, etc.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES (page 891): editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*; author of *The Spring Journey, People in the South, Private Opinion*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,125

Noah's Ark.

By Ad

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, November 29

The completed puzzle has 44 lights; 43 are the names of animals and birds and one (No. 11) is a place where you might expect to find some of them. The number of letters in each light is shown. Circular lights are clockwise and clues are given in that order, starting with outside circle; letters indicate commencement of first light in each circle. Radial lights run from the outside towards the

centre but the five spaces must be considered continuous, e.g. if No. 12 were found to be LAMB, it would be entered so:

Each clue consists of a phrase or sentence in which the light was previously hidden and then removed, some alteration in punctuation and spacing being allowed but no change is made in the order of letters, e.g., the light TIGER is hidden in: 'If you want, presto, TIGER. Ride at every meet you can attend.' The clue as presented with TIGER removed could read: 'If, you want, preside at every meet you can attend.'

RADIALS

1. Short of timber too—lacks even screws and panel pins (5).
2. 'Before you go, lock up the case.' 'It is quite safe' (5).
3. As I couldn't, he bowed my way to the front (5).
4. 'Who says there is no Gin Rummy? There is—queen as well' (5).
5. 'Grand muffins—fine cakes—sweet tarts!' (5).
6. The fool is seldom wise (4).
7. 'Why make coffee now?' 'It will be safe—even the manager is out' (5).
8. 'We must worm seven into the agenda for the next meeting' (4).
9. 'How bleak and barnlike this is, even in summer' (5).
10. Eight hearts acclaim thy History of the World! (5).
11. We tried to light the stove and slit up the tent (5).
12. Very few goods exist at pre-war prices and lots have vanished (4).
13. The neglected Louis—uncrowned King (3).
14. 'I'm sorry for those Poles' said Gregory. (See 2b) (5).
15. There are two reasons—the one should be sufficient (4).
16. I saw one of those big alders in Utah (5).

CIRCULARS

- 1a. 'The set is in running order? Alas! I fear not. They need a good rest' (8).
- 1b. I think I wash often in India than in Africa (5).
- 1c. 'Buy the chest, but you may still pay dear' (3).
- 1d. Rothschild was rich as Croesus (3).
- 1e. I saw his fat every hot day recently (5).
- 2a. The mud received one of the highest honours in the industry (4).
- 2b. 'Let's all shoot her—rescue party should be near' (4).
- 2c. Money people live in Pomona (5).
- 2d. 'This is the part where I live Maria—a flat takes some getting' (3).
- 2e. 'Great economies must be made' 'Was one cost in the region of £1,000?' (4).
- 2f. There is no gin—the port is not in use (4).
- 3a. You wearily exclaimed, 'I've not been off my feet this week' (5).
- 3b. Nothing to him—he's a most willing chap (5).
- 3c. 'Once again I've asked. Father won the event' (5).
- 3d. 'Something's wrong with the bath—ang the plumber' (5).
- 3e. Crowned by Smith minor—the little cheat (4).
- 4a. Take it alive with gin before meals (5).
- 4b. 'I'll write you if I can. I must

get in touch with you' (5).
- 4c. 'The factory needs more vim, Eric. An order has just come through' (5).
- 4d. Won the very thing specially for you (3).
- 4e. Shall you make the side string? (3).
- 4f. So here I expect you will find what you are looking for' (3).
- 5a. 'I like her short hair—at back and sides' (3).
- 5b. 'Is this renown? Then let's dance' (3).
- 5c. 'Moss is there indeed' said Rudolph (4).
- 5d. This atoll and reef is mostly coral (5).
- 5e. 'If you want it here, try paste' (4).
- 5f. Though crowds of people ate, there was still plenty of food left (5).

Solution of No. 1,123

Prizewinners:

- 1st prize: R. J. Watson (Bridlington); 2nd prize: C. W. S. Ellis (St. Bravels); 3rd prize: H. T. Jenner (Alfrinstown)

B	L	A	C	K	A	L	M	S	M	A	N
R	U	M	O	U	R	E	N	O	W	C	A
O	T	I	M	B	R	E	A	L	T	A	I
T	E	M	P	L	E	S	T	E	L	L	A
H	C	E	S	E	A	S	E	L	M	T	I
E	Y	A	L	E	T	S	E	N	E	C	A
R	A	S	C	A	L	E	S	A	R	U	P
A	N	S	A	R	I	E	S	A	M	T	P
N	I	C	E	A	N	A	L	T	H	E	A
C	N	A	S	H	G	R	E	T	E	L	R
E	E	B	A	B	U	N	E	L	L	I	E
R	E	T	R	E	A	T	P	E	T	A	L

NOTES

Across 9. Rum-our. 11. Two mngs. 13. Timbre(l). 14. A-tail. 18. Sea(r) and lit. 19. Number one—self. 21. Ditto. 22. E-Yale-t. 29. Lar-(stir)rup. 31. Hidden and lit. 32. Rie(m). 33. Three mngs. 38. Anag. 39. Anag. m. nuss. 40. See Chambers. 41. Hidden in Colonel Lieutenan. Down. 2. Two mngs. 6. Lee-(hor)ses. 10. Mim(bar). 12. Cal-I cut. 17. Nice any. anag. 18. Sass(en)ach. 21. Two mngs. 28. Anag. 36. Hal(l). 37. Hidden backwards.

Quotations Solutions

Across: 1. 'Romeo & Juliet'. III, ii, 5. 'R char' II', III, iii. 15. Keats: 'Ode on Melancholy'. 16. Sir P. Sidney: Sonnet LXXXIV. 24. 'Hamlet'. II, i, 428. 26. 'Hamlet'. II, ii, 602. 34. B. A. Po: 'To Helen'. 35. Lovelace: 'To Althea, from Prison'. 42. 'As You Like It'. III, ii, 170. 43. Tennyson: 'The Princess', vii, 161. Down: Blake: 'To Thomas Butts'. 15. 3. St. Luke. XIV, 23. 4. Coleridge: 'Kubla Khan'. 5. Doyle: 'The Norwood Builder'. 7. Shelley: 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'. 8. Scott: 'Lady of the Lake'. c.I., xviii, 20. Burns: 'O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast'. 23. Goldsmith: 'On Death of a Mad Dog'. 25. 'Measure for Measure'. IV, ii, 46. 27. 'Omar Khayyam'. ed. i, xviii. 29. 'Paradise Regained'. IV, 361. 30. 'Through the Looking Glass'. Ch. 4. 31. 'J. Caesar'. V, iii, 110. 33. Coleridge: 'The Ancient Mariner', pt. V.

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